PR
5020
M5458A17
1823

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/miscellaneouspie00merr

MOULTON MILLS.

MISCELLANEOUS

P I E C E S;

IN VERSE.

BY J. MERRY,

LATE OF MOULTON, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.

Bedford:

Printed and Sold by C. B. Merry;

SOLD ALSO BY BIRDSALL, BURNHAM, ABEL, DICEY AND SMITHSON, FREEMAN, AND CORDEUX, NORTHAMPTON;

And Longman & Co.; G. & W. B. Whittaker; and W. Darton, Holborn Hill, London.

1823.

344

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING been solicited by the friends of the Author to publish the following Pieces, I have been induced to comply with their wishes; considering such request a testimony of the respect and esteem which they feel for his memory.—The Pieces are printed nearly in the order in which they were written; and though they may be thought deficient in poetical merit, yet it is presumed they are not devoid of moral sentiment.

THE PUBLISHER.

SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES.

PR
5020
N5458A
1823

ABBOT Thomas
Abel James
A Friend
Arden Mrs.
Ayres Mr. P.

Barber George
Barber Thomas
Barber Joseph
Barber Mrs.
Bass John
Barford John
Barfoot J.
Beaumont J. B. 2 copies
Bell Thomas
Birdsall & Sons
Binyan Thomas
Biggs William
Bithrey J. Esq.
Blunt John
Blewit Benjamin
Brown Simon
Brown James
Bradshaw John
Brain George
Bryant J.
Butlin Thomas
Butlin William
Buswell William

Castell James
Chapman Timothy
Chapman Tresham, Esq.
Clarke John
Coles James
Coles J. 2 copies
Coleman Joseph
Cockman Miss
Cockerill Thomas
Codgbrook Wiles
Cordeux Francis
Corvell Mr.
Cooch John
Cooch Thomas
Coocksey James
Cox S. A.
Cox Charles
Cox James
Cox John
Cumming Rev. W. C.
Dawson J. T. Esq.
Dawson Samuel
Davis Septimus
Day William
Day J. Esq.
Dalton George, Esq.
Diemer F.
Dolben Sir John English, Bart.
Dodd Charles, Esq.
Dumelowe J. Esq.
Duke Charles
Ekins Mrs. J.
Elkington William
Emery William
Farren Mr.
Faulkner Joseph
Freeman John
Francis Miss Ann

Gadsby Rev. T.
Gardner James
Gill W. J.
Gibbs William
Gilbert Mrs. E.

Griffin Mr.
Green Charles
Gray Mr.
Grey J. J.
Grimes Rev. R.

Harris J.
Hardwick Thomas
Harmer John
Hancox William
Hayes John
Hayes Mrs. Mary
Hipwell Thomas
Hillyard Rev. S.
Hilton Miss
Hopkins William
Humberstone Miss

Jackson Mrs.
Jenson John, 2 copies
Jevons Jonah, 2 copies
Ingram Miss
Jones Benjamin
Jones John

Kempster Mr. 6 copies
Kilsby Gadsby
Knight R. H. sen.
Knight Rev. R. H. jun.

Letherland William
Letherland James
Lockton Rev. Thomas
Luck Augustine
Lush Jane
Lumley William

Maberly W. L. Esq. M. P.
Macquire A.
Macquire William
Maclear Thomas
Manning John
Manning Miss Mary Ann
Major John
Makay John
Markham Christ. Esq.
Marshall William
Marshall James, sen.
Marshall Thomas
Marshall James, jun.
Marshall Mrs. sen.
Marshall Sarah
Marsh Mrs. Mary
Marsh Thomas
Marsh John
Mayle Mrs. E.
Mayors Edward
Mercer John, Esq.
Merry Francis, 2 copies
Merry Thomas
Merry William, 2 copies
Merry Thomas, jun.
Merry Richard
Merry James
Merry William
Merry N.
Mills William
Mobbs William
Moffat Robert
Moore Rev. Dr.
Moore Thomas
Moon James
Moulton Mrs.
Monk Samuel
Morgan Charles
Munden James

Nash P.
Nobles John
Norton Mr.
Norton Bonham

Orland William
Osborn George

Parker Mr.
Pearse Theed, Esq.
Pell William
Pell Robert
Pell Jonathan
Pell John
Perfect William
Perry Mrs.
Pettifer John
Phipps Charles
Pulley John

Rawlins Miss
Reeve Edmund
Reeves Joseph
Rice Samuel
Robertson Archibald, M.D.
Robinson Thomas
Roe Thomas

Sanders Henry
Samwell Charles
Sawbridge Charles
Semple Rev. C.
Sergeant W.
Sharman Samuel
Smith William
Smith Thomas
Smith J. U.
Smith Charles
Smith John
Smith William
Smithson Robert
Spencer Thomas
Stanton Rev. William
Stanton Rev. John
Stanton Samuel
Stanton Richard
Stennet Miss Georgiana
Storrs Captain
Stubbins J.

Tanner Thomas
Teeton John
Tewis Robert
Thackeray J. Esq. M. D.
Thursby Rev. William
Tibbitts Samuel, Esq.
Tilt Mr.
Title John
Tilley Thomas
Tomalin William
Trapp J.
Tressler Thomas
Tressler John
Turner Sir G. O. P.
Twyble John

Whiting John
White Matthias
White George
Warde John
Wareing Thomas
Webb John
Wareing George
Wooding William
Williams Edward
Williams John
Willets Thomas
Wooding Thomas
Whitworth Mrs.
Woodroffe Miss
Warner Rev. Mr.

York Joseph

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE Bard of Moulton Mill	9
A Pastoral	13
Lines written in a Season of Trial	17
Lines addressed to a Friend	19
To the same	21
Answer to a Prize Enigma	26
To a Friend.—A Fragment	28
Epitaph	ib.
Hope: or Bethesda	29
Epitaph	30
To a Friend, on the Meeting-House at Guilsborough being destroyed by Fire	31
On hearing the Bell toll for a Funeral	34
On going to Creaton Church	35
Self Examination	37
On Mr. S. Redgrave	39
On the General Fast, 1795	41
On the same	43
After hearing a Sermon	44
On the Fall of Snow, 1799	45
Lines addressed to a Friend on the Death of a Relation	47
The Poor Man's Petition	49
To a Young Lady	51

Page

John Bull in the Dumps - - - - - - 54
Epitaph - - - - - - - - 59
Song—Marriott & Co. - - - - - 60
Lines written at Abington Mill - - - - 62
On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Merry - - 65
On the same - - - - - - - - 67
On the same, by J. C. M. - - - - 68
Epitaph - - - - - - - - 69
On the Death of Mr. Ingman - - - - 70
To Miss Th—sb— - - - - - - 72
To the same, on her going into Devonshire - - 73
To the same, on her Return - - - - 74
To S. M. - - - - - - - - 75
To the Members of the British and Foreign Bible Society - - - - - - 76
Spring - - - - - - - - - 78
Summer - - - - - - - - 79
On a Day of Thanksgiving after a signal Victory - 81
Song on the Peace - - - - - - 82
Song, for the celebration of Peace - - - 84
A New Song on the Peace - - - - 86
Waterloo - - - - - - - - 88
Mortarloo - - - - - - - - 89
Harvest Hymn - - - - - - 90
After hearing Two Sermons by the Rev. Legh Richmond, in aid of the Church Missionary Society 92
On hearing a Lady play on a Piano-Forte - - 94
The Penitent's Prayer - - - - - 95
Hymn for the Charity Children - - - - 97

Page
Hymn for a Child - - - - - - - 98
Christmas Hymn - - - - - - - 99
On the Formation of a Bible Association for Northampton and its Vicinity - - - 100
On the Death of Mr. Jenson - - - - 102
The New Statue - - - - - - - 104
Modern Patriotism - - - - - - - 105
The Candidate - - - - - - - 106
On Gossiping at a Place of Worship - - ib.
On J. H. Thursby, Esq.'s Return to Abington - 107
Song—on the same - - - - - - 109
After hearing a Sermon on the Death of a Young Man who was drowned while Bathing - 110
Epitaph - - - - - - - - 111
Harvest Hymn, 1818 - - - - - 112
To Alice Merry, on her first Birth Day - - 113
Northampton Roses *versus* Adderbury - - 114
The Rival Roses - - - - - - - 115
The Rose without a Thorn - - - - 116
On the Death of Mr. Chown - - - - 117
Epitaph—on the same - - - - - 118
On Christmas - - - - - - - 119
On the same - - - - - - - - 120
The End of All Things is at Hand - - - 121
To Mary Merry, of Wickham, on her Birth Day 122
To Lady Eliza Compton - - - - - 124
On the Author's Birth Day, 1818 - - - 125
Song for the Coronation, 1821 - - - 127

Miscellaneous

P I E C E S.

THE BARD OF MOULTON MILL.

MY cot is seated in a vale,
Beneath a gentle hill,
A streamlet wanders down the dale,
And turns my little Mill.

My little Mill, ordain'd by fate
Whereby I should subsist;
My heart how cheerful and elate
When Tom brings home a grist.

Though small the pittance which I share,
Yet, since my wants are few,
If husbanded with skill and care,
May life support me through:

And if supplied my ev'ry want,
What yet remains behind?
But that indulgent Heav'n will grant
Me a contented mind.

Unenvied, thus I pass my days,
Nor murmur nor complain;
Let the world censure, let it praise,
I unconcern'd remain.

My cottage neat is roof'd with thatch,
My mastiff guards my door,
Though only fasten'd by a latch,
Yet still I sleep secure.

When Phœbus with Aurora meets,
And day again is born,
I quickly rise, and taste the sweets
Of incense-breathing morn;

Pursue my way adown the glade,
Or sloping hill ascend,
Where Strafford form'd the fir-trees' shade *,
And Art and Nature blend.

Now by his arch-triumphant plac'd,
I cast my eyes around,
And view God's holy temple waste †,
And level with the ground;

* A beautiful arch was erected many years ago on the hill here alluded to, with a row of firs on each side, by an Earl of Strafford, through which Moulton Church might be seen from the pleasure grounds in Boughton Park, formerly the seat of the Earl. This title is now extinct, and the mansion going into decay.

† Ruins of Boughton Church, near Boughton Green.

Demolish'd in an impious age,
By sacrilegious hands,
When horrid War, with barb'rous rage,
Stalk'd through Britannia's lands.

From thence the eye attentive roves,
With pleasure and surprise;
Where in yon tall embow'ring groves,
Great Strafford's turrets rise *.

Fawn, and Sylvanus, here resort
Beneath the silent shade,
Here, too, the Dryades keep their court,
Nor mourn their groves decay'd:

While Strafford sits beneath the shade,
And plans the useful dome;
And all adown the neighb'ring glade
New groves are seen to bloom.

These sylvan scenes the Muse delight,
She craves no higher theme;
While shady groves the eye invite,
Sweet meads, and purling stream.

Nor think ye that I sing in vain;
The shepherds round me throng,
And with their Nymphs attend my strain,
And praise my artless song.

* Boughton House.

And if some fickle. perjur'd swain,
From honour's laws depart,
And leave the guileless Nymph in pain,
With grief to break her heart;

'Tis mine the lenient balm t' apply,
To vanquish every fear;
" 'Tis joy to soothe the artless sigh,
And stop the starting tear."

My verse is fill'd with perjur'd swains,
Who left their Nymphs to mourn;
A prey to grief's corroding pains,
Defenceless and forlorn:

How justice always overtakes,
And conscience, from within,
Condemns the wretch, until he makes
Atonement for his sin:

How th' injur'd Maid, in dreams by night
Torments him in his sleep;
Or if awake, array'd in white,
Does through the curtains peep.

And if no wretch my verse reclaims,
I still have their good will;
There's not a Nymph or Shepherd blames
The Bard of Moulton Mill.

A PASTORAL.

BENEATH an ancient Oak's diffusive shade,
To ease their toil, two weary swains were laid;
Their pipes unus'd, their voices long untried,
When Dœlus thus began, and Mereus thus replied.

DŒLUS.

See, Mereus, see from Sol's meridian beams,
Our flocks retiring to the shades and streams;
See all around the pleasing prospects rise,
Which charm the senses and delight the eyes:
The lark, the linnet, bulfinch, and the thrush
Chanting melodiously in every bush;
The blushing hyacinth, the blooming rose,
The purple violet, all their charms disclose;
The daisy, cowslip, and the kingcup fair,
Array'd in all their beauties now appear:
Why sit we thus, and not attempt a lay,
When Nature all around appears so gay?
Begin, for so thy years and gifts require;
Sing what thy thoughts, or what the Muse inspire.

MEREUS.

No, Dœlus, (give me leave) you're in the wrong,
My Muse did never yet attempt a song;
Nor do I think my years exceed your own,
Whose songs throughout the plains so well are known;
Yet will I imitate what I admire,
If Love and Stella do my voice inspire;

Therefore begin, nor long the time delay,
For see, the sun is hast'ning down the day.

DŒLUS.

Oh, Pan! if you accept my rural lays,
The woods and plains shall echo with thy praise;
To thee my Muse her song shall oft renew,
And all her lays shall dedicate to you.
Thou taught us first our flocks and herds to feed,
And how we might increase the fleecy breed;
To carefully observe the teeming dams,
And how to nourish the young tender lambs:
Thy rules I follow'd, and with store am blest,
No cares intrude, no troubles touch my breast;
No passions e'er disturb my soft repose,
Content with what my rural cot bestows.
Unmov'd, I often see contending swains,
And unconcern'd see Phillis pass the plains;
The neighbouring nymphs and swains I oft invite,
And dance and revel till th' approach of night;
And when the sun is sunk into the West,
On apples, chestnuts, curds, and cream we feast:
Thus are my days with health and plenty crown'd,
And thus revolve the circling years around.

MEREUS.

Such days, such happy days, I did possess,
Nor did I wish t' increase my happiness,
Till lovely Stella pass'd these happy plains,
The admiration of the neighb'ring swains;

Struck with the beauties of the lovely maid,
My heart to Love's soft bondage is betray'd;
Whose great and tempting graces I'll rehearse,
If Love and Phœbus but inspire my verse.—
Sing first, my Muse, the arch-turn'd forehead high,
Where o'er each eyebrow wanton Cupids lie,
From whence they throw around their keenest darts,
With nicest skill, and wound the shepherds' hearts.
Her blushing cheeks our senses cold revive;
Where blooming roses with the lily strive,
Vying their native colour to display,
While round her lips ten thousand graces play.
Her flowing hair in curling ringlets borne,
Delightfully her ivory neck adorn;
Her bosom may with virgin snows compare,
Her mien majestic, as her person fair:
Yet these are charms which soon may pass away,
But charms she has that never will decay
While life remains;—a clear and spotless mind,
Where innocence and virtue are entwin'd,
And modesty and sense, are all combin'd.
But stop, my Muse, nor longer speak the praise
Of her who far exceeds thy utmost lays;
For if for ever on the theme you dwell,
Not half her growing virtues you can tell;
Why languish thus, why do I thus complain,
And why this hopeless passion entertain;
Since Stella's plac'd my station far above,
And wealthy rivals sue to gain her love.

To win the parent's heart wealth seldom fails,
And with the fair too often wealth prevails,
Whilst honest merit unrewarded lies,
And simple truth long unregarded dies.
Unnotic'd, thus my days are worn with care,
And nights are spent in love and deep despair.
'Tis not her wealth—her virtues I adore,
Give me herself, and I desire no more.—
To see the joys of swains, O! come bright maid,
Retreat with me to yonder sylvan shade,
Where birds with music fill the vocal grove,
And in melodious notes invite to love;
My flute's soft sounds shall in the concert join,
And all the pleasures of the year be thine; [spring,
Where'er thou walk'st, sweet flow'rs shall round thee
And Nature all her stores to thee shall bring;
My flocks and herds shall, fix'd in deep amaze,
Intent upon thy charms, forget to graze:
Thus shall our time with peace and quiet flow,
And each new day new pleasures shall bestow.
'Tis true my fields are small, my flocks are few,
Yet rich beyond all thought if bless'd with you.
Come then, sweet maid, nor long the time delay,
Till thou art here, each minute seems a day;
Come, let our days in innocence be spent,
And in my cottage thou shalt find content.

Thus sang the Shepherds, till the setting sun
His destin'd race to Thetis' lap had run;
The glowing beauties of the West admire,
Their flocks they pen, and to their cots retire.

LINES WRITTEN IN A SEASON OF TRIAL.

WHAT theme can now engage the Muse?
  Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are fled,
Approaching Winter fast ensues,
  The groves have all their honours shed.

But what are seasons to the swain,
  Whose artless Muse, untaught to sing,
Ne'er frolick'd o'er the flow'ry plain,
  Or wanton'd in the smiles of Spring?

For just as the relenting Muse
  Propitious heard her vot'ry's pray'r,
Then drear adversity ensues,
  Nor leaves a flow'ret worth her care.

For who, when fortune proves unkind,
  Can ever raise the tuneful song?
The numbers fetter'd and confin'd,
  Drag slow and heavily along.

Misfortune blunts the mental powers;—
  Thus from my hut the Muses fly;
And though not yet pale famine lowers,
  Each day must its own wants supply.

My constant meal one frugal dish,
Unless a friend should dine with me;
Extravagance! behold a fish—
A duck is downright luxury.

But say, what friends will seek my door
When plenty with her train are fled!
They leave me destitute and poor,
With care to earn my daily bread.

Then farewel every social joy,
Save what my faithful partner shares;
Conjugal duty my employ,
With its anxieties and cares.

My daily labours I'll fulfil,
Relying on His promis'd aid;
And bowing to His righteous will,
Who me and all the world has made.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WHY how now, my friend William! (perhaps you'll
contend
I am much too familiar in calling you friend;
Why then old acquaintance—or whatever name
You please to approve of—adopt ye the same.)
But without a long preface, pray what is the reason
I cannot hear from you scarce once in a season;
Your station's superior, I readily own,
But I ne'er thought you would your acquaintance dis-
own;
What can be the cause?—for to say you've not time
To write to a friend, or in prose or in rhyme,
Is ridiculous quite—because one half hour
Must certainly once a month be in your power.—
Since from our Moultonian scenes you've remov'd,
To plains more delightful and nymphs more belov'd,
The Muses have with you our meads quite forsook,
No more the winds whisper, nor murmurs the brook;
The shepherds their pipes and their crooks by have
thrown,
(Such silence our vallies have ne'er before known,)
No more they make vocal the hill, dale, or valley,
Or tune their soft strains to the praises of Sally;
No more the lark wakens the swains in the morn,
The linnet no more chaunts her notes in the thorn:

In short, there no trace of sweet cheerfulness reigns,
And nothing but dullness appears on the plains.
Maria, who us'd to attend to my tale,
Now flies my embraces, my sight can't prevail;
The swains are all perjur'd, the nymphs are unkind,
As various, inconstant, they change like the wind.
Amid these sad scenes, my dear friend, send thy Muse,
The blessing of cheerfulness once more diffuse;
United with pleasure, the nymphs and the swains,
With joy shall attend to thy rapturous strains;
The woods and the vallies shall echo and ring,
While you strike your soft notes on the tremulous string.
Delay not my friend, but our wishes fulfil,
And Cooper's shall yield unto fam'd Bunker's Hill:—
But where am I roving, I hope you'll excuse,
These feeble attempts of my prattling Muse,
Who her sad jingling rhymes has oft sent to plague you
As bad as a quartan, or tertian ague.—
On Ashby's sweet plains, Sir, I hope you enjoy
Delights and soft pleasures that never can cloy:
May sweet rosy health still continue to bless
Your life, and soft peace soothe your ev'ry distress;
No more will I add, but that I am your very
Obedient, and most humble Servant,

J. MERRY.

TO THE SAME.

J. DEAR Will, how frail and vain is man!
Whose longest life is but a span;
Ever repining, ne'er content,
With what kind heav'n has for him sent:
One man shall trespass on his neighbours,
And live upon their honest labours;
One loves to hunt the tim'rous hare,
And frets because the morn's not fair;
Another can enjoy no pleasure,
Except he's counting o'er his treasure:
This man loves bowls, and that a punk,
T' other's ne'er right but when he's drunk!
In our propensities we vary,
I must be scribbling, you must—marry.
W. Marry indeed! J. I never meant
With you to hold an argument,
But since you are resolv'd to answer,
I'll give the best advice I can, sir.
Consider first your present state,
And in your mind the point debate;
For if you are therewith content,
Remain so, lest you should repent;
Of joys in wedlock, friend, beware,
You've heard what women often are;

W. What are they ? J. Friend, by your kind leave,
They've all some taint of mother Eve ;
From her receive their wit and beauty,
From her they learn to scorn their duty ;
Yet hold, perhaps I may offend
One that I just have call'd my friend :
But still my wilful passion rules,—
We young folks think you old ones fools.
W. Why, sirrah ! should we be your tools !
We old folks know you young ones fools.—
You think, young man, you're wond'rous wise,
That me you can so well advise ?
Whilst we've such counsellors, forsooth,
Who would not be advis'd by youth !—
Now for the future be more humble,
And at your neighbours do not grumble :
Such silly pranks you boys commit,
I can't to your advice submit.
J. When foolish boys court wedlock's chain,
For them excuses may remain :
As ign'rance of the sex's wiles,
Their fraudful hearts, deceitful smiles ;
Besides, great Nature's stronger laws,
Which all things in its vortex draws ;
And oft, when to their good it tends,
Will hear the counsel of their friends :
But when a man in years advances,
And with the females toys and dances,

No counsel will that man endure,
The plague you may much sooner cure.
But that my precepts may prevail,
Have patience, and I'll tell a tale;
A tale extemely a-propos,
And which Dan Pope told long ago.—
In Lombardy, a worthy knight,
Though old and nearly lost his sight,
Must take to him a blooming wife,
To be the comfort of his life.
His friends were summon'd in a trice,
The case was so exceeding nice.
A friend, more prudent than the rest,
Thought to persuade him for the best;
Advis'd him not to hug the chain,
But still his liberty maintain.
When the old knight these words had heard,
He rose, and sudden disappear'd;
And long the time did not delay,
But wed the gentle blooming May.
His happiness was never ceasing,
And for some time appear'd increasing:
Ere long, with grief, the lovely May
Beheld her husband's sad decay;
Likewise a lover she admir'd,
Who by her charms was also fir'd;
But still they waited for occasion
To gratify their am'rous passion;

Old January lov'd his bride,
And ne'er was absent from her side.
But 'twas not long e'er lovely May,
To please her swain contriv'd a way :—
To morrow in the garden he
Should climb into an apple tree :
Then the old Knight and his sweet bride,
Walk'd in the garden side by side ;
To the said tree they bent their way—
Oh ! Husband, if thou lov'st thy May
Assist to help me to that fruit,
So fair to view, so sweet to boot ;
The trunk within his arms did take,
And she ascended from his back :
The Knight had by some wond'rous power,
His sight restor'd that very hour ;
When looking up into the tree,
O, Gods !—his wife !—what did he see.
But she, descending in all haste,
Within her arms the Knight embrac'd ;
Thank God ! she cry'd, I bless the hour,
'Twas I that did thy sight restore ;—
" O, vengeance," quoth the Knight, enrag'd,
" I saw thee with a man engag'd :"
But she with sobs and deep fetch'd sighs,
And tears fast streaming from her eyes,
Strove to persuade the good old Knight,
She by this act restor'd his sight ;

At length, her stratagems prevail;
The Knight was pleas'd—so ends my tale.—

W. Here cease, young man, your application,
I'm weary of your long narration;
And for the future hold your tongue,
For I shall marry, right or wrong.

J. Forgive my freedom, good, my friend,
For no offence did I intend;
I'll say no more about the matter,
I cannot stoop a friend to flatter:
I'll tire you with no more epistles,
There's thorns in roses as in thistles;
A thorn in love's a sure ingredient,
So I remain your most obedient.

ANSWER

TO THE

Prize Enigma in the Gentleman's Diary,

FOR THE YEAR 1786,

ON READING SOME WRETCHED VERSES PUBLISHED BY LAPIDARIUS ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE ENIGMA.

" Envy will merit like its shade pursue,
" But like the shadow proves the substance true."

POPE.

APOLLO, in an angry vein,
Descended to Weedonia's plain,
And greets his fav'rite Son—
" Rise, West! behold thy envious foes
" Would tear the honors from thy brows,
" Which thou hast justly won:

" They disregard my sacred laws,
" Rise, therefore! and assert our cause,"—
Then sudden disappear'd;
Furious, the bard exclaim'd with haste,—
" Apollo's sacred laws disgrac'd!—
" His laws shall be rever'd."

Then Satire's shaft did swiftly fly,
Pointed with wit, and temper'd high
In Aganippe's spring:
Diarius guides th' unerring dart
To Lapidarius' stubborn heart;
Of dullness' empire, King.

"My Son! my Son! (great Dullness cries,)
"Is it my Son expiring lies,
"Of West, the scourge and dread?"
Then utt'ring some unholy charm,
Again his life-blood waxes warm,
Again he rears his head:

With his great Mother all possess'd,
Revenge and Envy swell his breast,
And to his pen he flew:
But Genius he could not engage;
And Grammar, in his title page,
Did there desert him too.

Dear Lap! pursue thy honest trade;
Thy chissels' edges when decay'd,
You easily may grind 'em;
West sends a Grinder *, and his Son
Presents you with a grinding stone—
And Poets!—never mind 'em.

* The Prize Enigma is a razor-grinder.

TO A FRIEND.—A FRAGMENT.

THE Muse that long has dormant lain,
Now re-assumes her simple strain;
But sings no more of silly swains,
Of beauteous nymphs, and flow'ry plains:
These trifles vain she must resign;
Still Love her theme—but, love divine:
Religion—(ah, neglected long)
Religion, now demands the song;
Without reluctance I obey
The pow'rful call, and tune the lay.
O, Goddess! of celestial birth,
The greatest gift of heav'n to earth,
Whose cheering influence dispels,
The gloomy clouds where sorrow dwells,
And sheds a radiance o'er the mind,
When guilt has left a sting behind.

EPITAPH.

IN the vigour of life snatch'd away,
Attention, kind reader, I crave;—
No longer, then, thoughtlessly stray,
But repent, and prepare for the grave.

HOPE :—OR BETHESDA.

HOW long I lay immers'd in guilt,
And sunk in sin and shame;
My hopes on false foundations built,
And blind, deaf, dumb, and lame:
But since my Saviour touch'd my eyes,
A glimmering light appears,
Which fills my soul with sweet surprise,
And melts me into tears.
Though men appear as walking trees,
By Faith's first dawning ray;
Yet shall it brighten by degrees,
And shine to perfect day.
Once deaf—but now, a still small voice
Soft whisp'ring in my ear,
Warns me to quit those earthly toys,
That human hearts ensnare.
Once dumb and silent in his praise,
Who form'd the tuneful tongue;
To him my feeble voice I raise,
And dedicate my song.
Halting between two diff'rent roads,
The world my chief support,
I wander'd from those blest abodes,
Where Jesus holds his court;

But at his all-commanding voice,
I leave my staff and stay ;
And totter, tremble, and rejoice,
And—" follow in the way."
On him I still depend for strength,
Through all my race to run ;
And trust that he will crown at length,
The work he has begun.

EPITAPH.

These monumental stones declare,
That death is mankind's gen'ral doom ;
And yet, alas ! how few prepare
To meet the terrors of the tomb.

TO A FRIEND:

ON THE PROTESTANT DISSENTING MEETING-HOUSE AT GUILSBOROUGH BEING DESTROYED BY FIRE.

IN a cottage, or a palace,
Human nature is the same;
And will burn with rage and malice,
'Gainst the dear Redeemer's name.

Where his followers assemble,
And his banner's fixt on high;
Satan's made to quake and tremble,
Lest his own destruction's nigh:

Then exerting all his power,
All his art and skill he tries;
Seeking whom he may devour,
And what careless soul surprise.

Wicked men his agents proving,
(Willing instruments of ill;)
His seducing pleasures loving,
Captive led by him at will.

Tempted thus, and prone to evil,
Swift they run the downward way ;
And in concert with the Devil,
Vex the righteous day by day.

Instances I need not mention,
One you have before your eyes ;
(Diabolical invention !)
Where God's house in ruin lies.

Here with others you assembled,
Here you heard the Saviour's voice ;
When he threaten'd, then you trembled,
When he comforts—you rejoice.

Indulge no passionate reflection,
Suff'ring's the disciple's part ;—
May he reign in your affection,
Raise a temple in your heart.

Let " Love your enemies" occasion
Pity to him who caus'd your loss ;
Remember, Jesus had compassion
On the thief upon the cross.

Let, hence, no weak believer stumble,
Nor e'er distrust the sinner's friend ;
But let it rather make him humble,
To see on whom we still depend.

Judgments they proceed from heaven,
But the cause must be in us;
Perhaps some Pharasaic leaven
Justifies God's dealing thus:

Pride's a lurking treach'rous traitor,
Cherish'd in the human breast;
God dethrones, exalts the creature,
And on earth we set our rest.

But if grace divine awake us,
How the soul with trouble burns;
'Till assur'd he won't forsake us,
Who to mercy judgment turns.

Let us then be meek and lowly,
Strive to make our calling sure;
And though we may travel slowly,
Patient to the end endure.

To the triune God of Heaven,
One in Three, and Three in One,
Be all praise and glory given,
Due to him, and him alone.

ON

HEARING THE BELL TOLL FOR A FUNERAL.

HARK! how yon Bell with solemn toll,
Proclaims a neighbour dead;
And loudly warns each living soul,
God's righteous wrath to dread.

To seek, while life's dim lamp shall burn,
A lot among the blest;
From ev'ry sinful course to turn,
To gain eternal rest.

By faith in Christ's most precious blood,
Continually to live;
To taste, indeed, the Lord is good,
And grace for grace receive.

Thus going on from strength to strength,
Till life's short dream be o'er;
We shall in heaven arrive at length,
Where sin shall vex no more:

And basking in the beams of bliss,
Shall feast on love divine;
And dwelling where our Saviour is,
Shall in his glory shine.

O, God! whose power and love are great,
Thy Holy Spirit send;
And fit us for that happy state,
Where pleasures never end.

ON GOING TO CREATON CHURCH.

WELCOME the Sabbath's sacred morn,
On which to Creaton I repair,
To hear the blessed Gospel HORNE *,
Resound the Saviour's praises there.

Hither are hungry sinners led,
To banquet at the Gospel feast;
Here Christ dispenses heavenly bread,
To suit each humble sinner's taste.

Here JONES and WHITEHEAD take their stand,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Obey the Saviour's last command,
And crowds attentive catch the sound.

Blest place! which God has deign'd to choose,
To place his sacred honors there;
Blest people! who do not refuse
His laws, nor cast away his fear.

* The name of the Preacher that day.

May zeal for the Redeemer's cause,
The truth of your profession prove;
The practice of his righteous laws,
Be witness of your faith and love.

And may the peace of Heaven descend,
And every heart with comfort fill;
His shelt'ring wings you still defend,
And guard you safe from ev'ry ill.

And (though of all the flock the least)
May I the blessing likewise share;
And when you celebrate the feast,
My willing heart shall still be there.

SELF EXAMINATION.

IS thy heart right ?—my soul inquire,
What is thy first, thy chief desire ;
Is it to serve thy God aright,
And is thy duty thy delight ?—
His infinite perfections shine,
His glorious attributes divine
Conspire to magnify his law,
And raise a reverential awe.
The law's a mirror, where we view,
God's purity, and justice too ;
And every sinner here may see
His nature's vile deformity.—
Hast thou my soul thy safety sought,
When ev'ry action, word, and thought,
Weigh'd in the balance of the law,
Is found as light as stubble straw —
Burden'd by guilt the sinner falls ;
The law for vengeance loudly calls,
And satisfaction does require,
For " God is a consuming fire."
Oh ! dreadful state ! but turn, my soul,
Where streams of mercy sweetly roll ;
This righteous law has been fulfill'd,
And God and sinners reconcil'd.

He sent his dear—his only Son,
For man's transgressions to atone;
And whosoe'er on him believes,
To him he grace and glory gives.
O wond'rous love! stupendous grace!
That rescued man's polluted race.
My sinful soul dost thou adore
The justice, mercy, and the power,
Display'd in this most glorious plan,
That ever was reveal'd to man:
Then turn from ev'ry evil way,
And now—repent—believe—obey.

LINES

Occasioned by attending the Funeral of

MR. S. REDGRAVE, OF BOUGHTON,

WHO DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF A FALL FROM HIS HORSE.

ALONG yon path what mournful scene,
In slow procession moves along?
'Tis REDGRAVE's lifeless corpse, I ween,
So vig'rous lately, and so strong.

REDGRAVE! the pride of all the plains,
Was hospitable, gen'rous, free;
And all the neighb'ring village swains,
Will long regret his memory.

But ah! the melancholy tale,
How from his horse he hapless fell,
How med'cine's art could nought avail,
The weeping Muse forbears to tell.

Two widow'd sisters * now deplore
Their loss, and heavy burdens bear;
Eight tender orphans, now no more
Depend upon a father's care.

* Mrs. Redgrave was left with five Chaildren, and her Sister Mrs. Cranfield with three, whose husband was taken off by a Fever about a year before.

Ye mourners ! let your hearts ascend
To heav'n, and seek for comfort there ;
The widow's husband—orphan's friend,
Will hear, and grant your fervent prayer.

Ye thoughtless multitude, who view
This scene with unaffected hearts ;
Behold a warning sight for you,
And learn the lesson it imparts :

That neither youth, nor strength, nor age,
Nor beauty will effectual prove,
To quell death's unrelenting rage,
When he's commission'd from above.

Then hasten, sinner, to return ;
Delay not 'till to morrow's sun ;
Lest haply you your folly mourn,
When the short thread of life is spun.

ON THE GENERAL FAST, 1795.

COME, ye sinners, guilty fall
Low before God's awful throne;
Now obey the royal call,
Your transgressions freely own.

Who can say, "my hands are clean;
"From the gen'ral guilt I'm free;
"Pure my ways have always been,
"God can nought require from me?"

Britain! favour'd high of God,
Hear his sov'reign voice proclaim,
"Now my judgments are abroad,
"Fear my great, my glorious name:

"But if me you still provoke,
"And neglect the warning given;
"You shall feel th' avenging stroke,
"And endure the wrath of heaven."

Britons! then renounce the crimes,
Which disgrace this sinful land;
Sins unknown in former times
We behold on every hand.

Join ye followers of the Lamb;
Deprecate the wrath of heaven;
Cry aloud in Jesu's Name,
That we yet may be forgiven.

But if angry justice frown,
And we still must feel the rod;
May we fall submissive down,
And adore the Lord our God.

ON THE SAME.

O LORD, before thy awful throne,
We guilty sinners fall;
Our num'rous sins (we freely own)
Aloud for vengeance call.

With horrid oaths and blasphemies,
Daily our streets resound;
The sons of violence and lies,
Through all the land abound.

Now God makes bare his potent arm,
And whets his glitt'ring sword;
May every heart take the alarm,
And turn unto the Lord.

Turn us, O turn us, mighty Lord!
Thy sov'reign power display;
And by thy Spirit and thy Word,
Dispose our hearts to pray.

For Jesu's sake, and for those few
Who truly seek thy face;
Our guilt forgive, our sin subdue,
And conquer us by grace.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON

From St. Luke, Chap. xiv. *Ver.* 27.

WHOEVER will take up the cross,
And yet despise the shame;
Must count his greatest gain but loss,
For the Redeemer's name.

'Tis not sufficient that he bear,
Conspicuous on his brow,
The badge of his profession fair,
In only outward show:

The true disciple (Christ assures)
Is he, though dangers rise,
Who faithful to the end endures,
And on His aid relies.

Through evil and through good report,
He still pursues his way;
The tempting world in vain may court,
His steps from truth to stray.

Though difficult be flesh and blood,
And Satan, to oppose;
By Faith they may—must be withstood,
For they are conquer'd foes.

As crosses do on crosses rise,
And tempt him to despair;
He calls them "blessings in disguise,"
And, truly—so they are.

'Tis this that makes the burden light,
Beneath which others groan;
He views the end with sweet delight,
And says—"no Cross, no Crown."

ON THE FALL OF SNOW IN FEB. 1799.

WHILE around my humble dwelling,
Whistling loud the East wind blows;
Drifted snows the vallies swelling,
O'er the plains a mantle throws.

Safe within my habitation,
Comfortable, snug, and warm;
I beheld the devastation,
Shelter'd from the raging storm.

Many wretched mortals shiv'ring,
Shrinking from the howling blast;
While their infant offspring quiv'ring,
Claim their wonted mean repast:

Round their cheerless hearth they gather,
Where two cross-sticks faintly burn;
Anxious wait a change of weather,
That to work they may return.—

Hear, ye sons of ease and plenty!
Now unlock your hoarded store,
Impart the blessings Heav'n has lent ye—
Ye are stewards for the poor.

Shall your fellow-creatures languish,
And remain a prey to grief;
Will you not remove their anguish,
And administer relief?

Has kind Heav'n, with bounty ample,
Blest you with a plenteous store?
By your gen'rous, kind example,
Claim the blessings of the poor:

Who, when earthly comforts fail you,
In the mansions of the blest,
Shall with joy and pleasure hail you,
And together you shall rest.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF A RELATION.

WHEN friends or when relatives die,
And sorrow oppresses our souls;
Religion alone can supply
The comfort that cheers and consoles.

Philosophy urges in vain,
Our troubles with courage to bear;
Denies there is evil in pain,
Nor allows us the aid of a tear:

Puff'd up with a stoical pride,
Disdains from its summit to stoop;
And what evils soever betide,
It destitute leaves us of hope.

Then, where shall the sin-venom'd soul
Apply for relief of its smart?
A remedy seek to control
The sorrows which rankle the heart?

Religion descends from the skies,
With healing and peace on her wing;
She points to the "Cross" as she cries,
"Behold! death disarm'd of its sting."

Let sorrow, pain, sickness, or death,
And every ill be combin'd;
One look through the optic of Faith,
Speaks peace, and composes the mind.

But our happiness still to complete,
And hush all our sorrows to rest;
She tells of a heavenly state,
And mansions prepar'd for the blest.

THE POOR MAN'S PETITION.

O YE, on whom kind providence has pour'd,
Of earthly blessings an abundant share;
To my complaint a patient ear afford,
Nor turn unfeeling from the Poor Man's Pray'r.

O let the hand of charity impart,
The healing balm of necessary aid;
Let warm benevolence expand the heart,
Nor be the gen'rous boon too long delay'd,

Incessant labour hardly will procure,
The scanty portion which each day requires;
With heavy heart I seek my cottage door,
Nor taste the joy which cheerful hope inspires.

Here, once to mitigate my daily toil,
A wheaten dumpling grac'd my frugal board;
My faithful partner serv'd it with a smile,
And to each child a portion could afford.

But now, alas! no dumpling greets my eye,
Potatoes, and a barley loaf half-spent
Appear, and while I eat with pensive sigh,
My landlord blust'ring enters for his rent.

The milk, too, which our breakfast long supplied,
Appointed now to feed the farmer's hogs;
E'en sheeps'-heads from the shambles are denied,
For ah! they're purchas'd for the 'squire's dogs.

Has Heav'n's chastizing rod appear'd again,
And, threat'ning to destroy, in mercy spar'd?
Remember that we still are fellow men,
And share the burden, as the guilt ye shar'd.

But should ye turn from my unhappy case,
Remorseless still, and iron-hearted prove;
I'll pray to God to fill your hearts with grace,
And melt you down in sympathetic love.

To Him I humbly now submit my cause,
And prostrate fall before his awful throne;
For Grace I'll sue t' obey his righteous Laws,
And say in humble faith—thy will be done.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

DEAR Madam,—while crowds of admirers attend,
Permit me with freedom to plead for a friend;
A friend, far superior to every other,
Who in time of distress is more kind than a brother.
Description would fail me his worth to define,
In whom all perfections harmoniously shine;
His beauty I know not with what to compare,
The fairest of thousands, where thousands are fair.
Sharon's rose, that with fragrance enriches the gale,
And the humble sweet lily that blows in the vale,
Are the emblems by which I his charms would display,
Though his beauties are fairer and sweeter than they:
Like beds of sweet spices or flowers his cheeks,
And his lips drop with honey whenever he speaks.
From hence I must pass to the charms of his mind,
Where wisdom and truth are with goodness combin'd;
Humility, purity, innocence, peace,
Refulgent shine forth with ineffable grace.
I proceed to the characters which he sustains,
He's a king, and o'er numerous subjects he reigns;
And though laws wise and just for their good he imparts,
Yet his chiefest delight is to reign in their hearts.
He's a priest, (not a parson for base selfish ends,)
But a priest who incessantly prays for his friends.

He's a prophet, to whom ev'ry secret is known,
And disdains not the name of a shepherd to own,
Who leadeth his sheep to green pastures with care,
And the lambs in his arms or his bosom will bear:
And as a physician he likewise excels,
His art once applied ev'ry evil expels;
Opes the ears of the deaf, and the eyes of the blind,
And heals each disease of the body or mind:
His perfections so great no eye can perceive,
No pen can describe, no heart can conceive;
They baffle description—nor think me to blame
If the task I decline—and discover his name.
But first, let me ask, should this person impart
A desire to engage a warm place in your heart,
For which in return he would offer his own?—
This offer by me now to you he makes known—
Consent then, dear Madam, and banish your fear,
All coyness is needless, where love is sincere;
But if you refuse to surrender your heart,
With sorrow and grief he'll unwilling depart.—
Perhaps all this time I have labour'd in vain,
And in writing and rhyming have puzzl'd my brain;
One single inquiry the doubt had remov'd,
If my friend had been known, been admir'd, and belov'd.
When he knock'd at your door, as he often has done,
Did you rise, and to give him admittance soon run,
Receive him with raptures of joy and delight,
When his bushy locks dropp'd with the dews of the night:

And when he propos'd interchanging of vows,
Did you freely consent as he call'd you his spouse ;—
You'll never, my fair one, you'll never repine,
His love's strong as death, and far sweeter than wine :
His pow'r will protect you, his love well secures,
There's nothing shall hurt you, if Jesus is your's.
O name ! that like ointment sheds fragrance around,
The virgins transported rejoice at the sound ;
And ev'ry true lover with me will agree,
Where Jesus is present, there Heaven will be.—
Should you choose a companion to solace your care,
And the troubles of life to assist you to bear ;
If some swain who loves Jesus his aid should impart,
You may give him your hand—but give Jesus your heart :
To whom most sincerely I you now commend,
As your Father, and Husband, and Brother, and Friend.

JOHN BULL IN THE DUMPS:—OR, 1807.

JOHN BULL, a Hero of renown,
Was fam'd in ancient story;
A plain but right true Englishman,
Which was his constant glory.

John had a little snug estate,
Compris'd of hill and dale;
Which for his Bread produc'd him Wheat,
And Barley for his Ale.

His flocks and herds rang'd through the fields,
And food and clothing found him;
And John in ease and plenty liv'd,
With ev'ry blessing round him.

But if a neighbour tweak'd his nose,
Or only spoke but gruffly;
Or trod upon his free-born toes,
John handled him most roughly.

A pert vain coxcomb, who was fond
Of capering and dancing,
Would fain make Johnny allemande,
And learn the art of prancing:

Lappell'd, and lac'd, and powder'd well,
He would pay John a visit;
But John alarm'd express'd surprise,—
What is it friends ?—what is it ?

John deem'd him of the monkey tribe,
And in his heart despis'd him ;
But all in vain—alas ! for why ?
The Ladies highly priz'd him.

'Till by degrees was introduc'd,
A dreadful innovation ;
And simple John was whirl'd about,
With ev'ry whim of fashion.

Still John was prosp'rous, and success
Did every where attend him ;
And when his mettle was arous'd,
'Twas dang'rous to offend him.

But John would now a merchant be,
And strait began to traffic,
With Europe, and America,
With Asia, and with Afric :

John's business thus increasing fast,
'Twas more than he could manage ;
So he must needs a steward have,
To see none did him damage.

The steward soon complain'd, and said,
He'd have a secretary,
And who must an assistant have,
His messages to carry.

Thus, with a host of officers,
John's house was fill'd full speedily;
Their master's choicest dainties too,
They all devour'd most greedily.

Their salaries must sure be paid,
Whatever might come of it;
And John's affairs went wrong—for why?
They ate up all his profit.

Thus, John well fed, and free from care,
Was lull'd into security;
And slumb'ring in his elbow chair,
Ne'er thought about futurity.

At length, one day, poor John awoke,
And feeling in his pocket,
'Twas empty—but to th' iron chest,
He went again to stock it.

When lo! the chest was empty too,
Which with amazement fill'd him;
And had he not been English blood,
It would like ice have chill'd him.

He call'd for the steward straight,
And told the doleful tidings;
Wonder'd how 'twas, and then reprov'd
With soft and gentle chidings.

The steward calm and self-compos'd,
Answer'd with great benignity:
Sir, on your household it was spent,
You must keep up your dignity.

But, to supply your present wants,
I recommend to borrow,
As much as you may want to-day,
And pay again to-morrow:

And then we'll lay a heavy tax,
On all your people's labours;
And that again will make you great,
And rival all your neighbours.

They'll pay the tax with cheerful hearts,
Your house is so illustrious;
Besides, the benefit is their's,
'Twill make them more industrious:

And I can prove by certain rules,
In politic finances;
The more in debt, the better are
A person's circumstances.

John scratch'd—and scratch'd—and scratch'd his [pate,
And look'd most wond'rous serious;
But still he could not comprehend
A doctrine so mysterious.

Though in this point he wanted faith,
Yet he could not deny it;
So he dismiss'd the steward straight,
With a command to try it.

From hence arose in John's affairs,
The famous funding system;
Which means so well attain'd the end,
No steward since dismiss'd 'em.

A restless neighbour, too, with John
Began to pick a quarrel;
'Twas thought by some, he envied him
His Beef, and strong Beer barrel.

Thus John was getting deep in debt,
(Some thought he would miscarry;)
When lo! a Tax of ten per cent.
Was laid by young Lord Harry,

On property of ev'ry kind,
Lands, Houses, Trades, Professions;
Until the people loudly groan'd,
Beneath such great oppressions.

From his supineness now awoke,
John heard with dread the rumour;
And sat him down to ruminate,
In sad and sullen humour.

May he arise, and from his house,
Drive all who would intrude thence;
Take his affairs in his own hands,
And manage them with prudence.

EPITAPH.

THE warning song is sung in vain,
For few will heed th' unpleasing strain;
And though the grave appears in view,
Will yet destruction's path pursue.

SONG.—MARRIOTT & CO.

WHY neighbours! what ails you? why look ye so sad?
'Tis Christmas you know, and you ought to be glad;
I rejoice in the season—but if you must know,
I cannot help thinking of MARRIOTT & Co.

This MARRIOTT & Co: had establish'd their fame,
And by civil behaviour had got up their name;
In the air they were building fine castles, when lo!
All at once stopp'd the bank of fam'd MARRIOTT & Co.

NORTHAMPTON was never in such consternation,
Since England became a commercial nation;
All faces look sad, both with high and with low,
And join in condemning this MARRIOTT & Co.

Again, if your neighbours you happen to meet,
Abroad, or at home, in the field, or the street;
The first question answer'd of, "how do you do?"
You're sure to converse about MARRIOTT & Co.

If a man had but got a few guineas to spare,
He would speedily to the said bankers repair;
In their hands he would place them—return on tip-toe,
Well pleas'd he had left them with MARRIOTT & Co.

Or if a man wanted a few hundred pounds,
To build, or to plant, or to follow the hounds;
Thus each speculator would instantly go,
And get a supply from this MARRIOTT & Co.

But now 'tis all over, and some are undone,
Some curse, and some pity, but which 'tis all one;
Time will prove whether bankers are honest or no,
So with patience we'll wait for this MARRIOTT & Co.

But in my opinion, it was very cruel,
To change our hot minc'd pies for cold water gruel;
You might have stay'd longer, a fortnight or so,
For you've quite spoil'd our mirth, Messieurs MARRIOTT & Co.

LINES WRITTEN AT ABINGTON MILL.

SEATED beneath yon ancient tree,
I view the beauteous scene around ;
And bless the gracious Deity,
Whose pow'r and goodness know no bound.

He form'd (say I) this grateful shade,
'Twas he that did these meads adorn ;
He, too, those hills with wood array'd,
And cloth'd the smiling fields with corn.

Nen's course meand'ring too he guides,
As through the fertile vale it flows ;
And as it onward slowly glides,
Scatters its blessings as it goes.

Sweet stream ! on whose green banks I dwell,
Were I inspir'd by Cowper's Muse,
Thy praises then my song should swell,
And thou should'st rival far-fam'd Ouse.

To charm the list'ning nymphs and swains,
Pan here selects his well-tun'd reeds ;
The hills reverberate the strains,
The while his flock around him feeds.

The beauteous Naiads, too, are seen,
Sporting along thy lucid stream;
Array'd in flowing robes of green—
Or is it an ideal dream?—

Pleasing delusion! but no more—
Restrain thy flight, advent'rous Muse;
Those airy regions cease t' explore,
A more substantial subject choose.

Sing, how the deeply laden barge,
Cuts through the yielding wave its way;
While to and fro its useful charge,
It does from wharf to wharf convey.

No foreign lux'ries here are found,
Our health or morals to destroy;
But food, and fuel, all around
Distributed for man t' enjoy.

O! may thy commerce yet increase,
And greater benefits bestow;
And all the useful arts of peace
Flourish, where'er thy waters flow.

Yet I have seen thy silver tide
Disturb'd by storms, and wint'ry rains
Far o'er thy margin spreading wide,
And deluge all the neighb'ring plains.

Fit emblem thou of human life,
Of good and ill a chequer'd scene;
Now full of envy, care, and strife,
And now all tranquil and serene.

But short the joy—the world, I own,
Has been to me a troubled sea;
For though obscure and scarcely known,
The world has roughly handled me.

For me—I'll seek some friendly shore,
Where envy, care, and strife shall cease;
Where fell oppression grinds no more,
But all is love, and joy, and peace.

And while I thus the time beguile,
I court AURELIA's kind regard;
Content, if she but deign to smile,
Her approbation my reward.

ON

THE DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH MERRY,

OF MOULTON MILL.

WHILE Poets Warriors' deeds rehearse,
In flowing numbers sweet and strong;
A humbler subject crowns my verse—
Elizabeth demands my song.

Eliza! like some humble flow'r
That through the vale its fragrance shed;
Cut down in one short transient hour,
Lies number'd now among the dead.

She was, while sojourning below,
Of manners gentle, meek, and mild;
Humility sat on her brow,
And own'd her for her darling child.

She had a chaste and virtuous mind;
Not to offend, incessant strove;
To others' faults was all but blind;
A pattern of connubial love.

No sland'rous venom from her tongue,
Fell on her neighbour's guiltless head;
The love of kindness always hung,
And from her lips its fragrance shed.

Had she no faults? she had, 'tis true,
For she partook of Adam's fall;
But they were still so small, so few,
View her—and you'd forget them all.

And that she was a sinner too,
Her dying agonies declare;
But for that pardon she did sue,
Promis'd to penitence and prayer.

Through faith in the atoning blood,
We trust her sins are all forgiv'n;
Bright Seraphs left their blest abode,
And, hymning, wafted her to heaven.

Blest shade! forgive the starting tear,
The rising sob, the mournful sigh;
The wish that would have kept her here,
And stopt thy flight to realms on high.

For many Sabbaths yet to come,
Unto and from the house of prayer,
The villagers shall read thy doom,
Upon the stone thy friends shall rear.

Lamenting thy untimely fate,
They oft shall look, and musing stay;
And as they ponder on thy state,
Methinks thou say'st, or seem'st to say,

"Reader! cut down in life's full prime,
"I'm laid beneath this green-grass sod;
"Take warning, and improve the time,
"Prepare, prepare to meet thy God."

ON THE SAME.

OH! let me weep o'er this frail nature's tomb!
Sweet, lovely flow'r! destroy'd in early bloom;—
Much injur'd shade! to thee this verse is due,
From him who all thy gentle graces knew:
Who fondly wish'd to smooth thy dying bed,
Wipe thy cold sweats, and pillow up thy head;
And, kneeling near thee, take thy last command,
Feel the faint pressure of thy feeble hand;
Mark the last glimmer of thy closing eye;
Hear thy last pray'r, and learn of thee to die:
Kiss thy pale lips when ceas'd thy lab'ring breath,
And jealous woo thee from the arms of death;—
But thou art blest, thy Saviour's word is true,
And I am left to sigh a last adieu.

AN

Affectionate Tribute

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZABETH MERRY,

BY HER HUSBAND, J. C. M.

TURN, hither turn, my streaming eyes,
This is the spot you fondly prize;
Dearest of all my earthly joys,
Beneath this turf respected lies.

When I beheld thee borne away,
I mark'd the melancholy day;
And ev'ry sigh appear'd to say—
I can with thee no longer stay.

I thought, as on thy dying bed,
I saw thee gently droop thy head,
How short the time since we were wed—
How soon thou'rt number'd with the dead.

Sorrow o'erwhelms my weary brain,
Thou canst not listen to my strain;
I mourn for thee, but mourn in vain,
Thy pulse will never beat again.

My heart, a stranger once to pain,
Can now do nothing but complain;
I sigh for thee, but sigh in vain,
Yet hope that we shall meet again.

And can I thus in vain deplore?
Is thy endearing form no more?
Art thou not on that happy shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more?—

Yes! thou art there, unfetter'd, free,
Glowing with immortality;
O may myself, thy child, and thee,
In that blest place united be.

When the last hour of life draws nigh,
And Christ shall summon me on high,
May I upon His word rely,
And think of thee, and learn—to die.

EPITAPH.

IN life's full vigour I was snatch'd away;
And are you ready, gentle reader, say:
Be wise—Death fixes our eternal state,
Repent to-day—to-morrow may be too late.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. W. INGMAN,

OF NORTHAMPTON.

IS INGMAN gone ?—alas ! he is no more,
The faithful Friend, whose loss I now deplore ;
While thirty years their course revolv'd around,
He never gave my heart a single wound.
Yes ! he possess'd a cultivated mind,
A Faith, which wrought by love to all mankind ;
Benevolent and kind to all around,
His charity extensive knew no bound ;
To virtuous men he was a constant friend,
And pitied those whom he could not commend ;
His counsel, when by worldly cares opprest,
Would pour the balm of comfort in my breast ;
Point to that Providence whose tender care
Supplies our wants, and listens to our pray'r :
If aid was wanted which he could supply,
That aid his friendship never did deny.—
Had he no faults to place in th' other scale ?
Yes ; he was Man, and as a Man was frail :
But then his frailties were so few and small,
Lost in his virtues—I forget them all.

Is friendship partial ?—ah ! Heav'n knows my heart,
I cannot stoop to act the flatterer's part ;
For Truth, eternal Truth, is my delight,
What my heart dictates, that my pen shall write.—
INGMAN ! a long farewell—with thee I own,
Anticipated pleasures all are flown ;
Thy friendly converse now no more enjoy'd,
Which late our rambles through the fields employ'd.
O ! may I catch a spark of that pure flame, [name,
Which warm'd thy breast ; and, through the Saviour's
When this short pilgrimage of life is o'er,
May join thy spirit on that happy shore ;
Where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease,
And all be harmony, and joy, and peace.

TO MISS TH—B—.

WHILST Pleasure's fascinating voice,
Attracts her vot'ries to her shrine;
Thine is a nobler—happier choice,
A better portion far is thine:

'Tis thine to wipe the widow's eye,
And cause her heart for joy to sing;
To hear the helpless orphans' cry,
And shield them with thy shelt'ring wing.

Thou dost the ignorant instruct,
Visit the sick, the lame, the blind;
The wand'ring soul to Heav'n conduct,
And heal the mis'ries of mankind.

Then still the Godlike path pursue,
'Till heart and flesh begin to fail;
And thou shalt find the promise true,
That "sin and death shall not prevail."

For, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
And sanctified by grace divine;
Thou shalt ascend to dwell with God,
And in thy Saviour's image shine.

At humble distance, too, may I,
With zeal thy bright example trace;
And in the blest abodes on high,
Attain the last—the lowest place.

TO THE SAME.

On her going into Devonshire.

ADIEU, sweet Maid! if thou must go
To seek a milder clime;
Where healthier breezes gently blow,
And pleasant flies the time:

And can'st thou leave thy native plains,
Without regret, to roam?
Are nymphs more fair, or kinder swains,
Than those thou leav'st at home?—

Where'er thy footsteps thou dost bend,
May thee no ill betide;
But peace on all thy paths attend,
And providence thy guide.

O, may Hygeia, smiling maid,
Her healing balm bestow;
New string thy nerves, and lend her aid
To give thy cheek fresh glow.

And when at length thy wand'ring's o'er,
No more abroad to roam;
The Muse on lighter wings shall soar,
And hail thee—welcome home.

TO THE SAME.

On her Return.

WELCOME, sweet lily of the vale,
Come shed abroad thy fragrance here ;
Let us no more thy loss bewail,
But shine the pride of the parterre.

Can strangers estimate thy worth ?
Thou unassuming, modest flow'r !
Come to the soil that gave thee birth,
And here enjoy the spring-tide hour.

Though oft our clime is overcast
With clouds, and rains in torrents run ;
We'll fence thee from the chilling blast,
And shield thee from the scorching sun.—

Now Winter, with its storms, is fled,
And Spring breathes health in every gale ;
Then raise again thy languid head,
Thou lovely lily of the vale.

And when (far distant be the time)
That thou must wither, droop, and die ;
Remov'd to a more genial clime,
Beneath a bright and cloudless sky :

Thou there shalt shed a rich perfume,
Thy fragrance shall like incense rise ;
Shalt flourish in immortal bloom,
The sweetest flow'r of Paradise.

TO S. M.

HOW could'st thou leave thy native home,
The Grove, the Hill, the Valley;
Abroad to distant regions roam,
My pretty, prattling Sally.

The nymphs and swains thy absence mourn,
No longer now they dally;
But, sighing, wish for thy return,
My pretty, prattling Sally.

How dull each object here appears—
My spirits I can't rally;—
Return and dissipate my cares,
My pretty, prattling Sally.

O come, with the returning Spring;
For, did our hearts but tally,
Thy presence would fresh pleasures bring,
My pretty, prattling Sally.

But should'st thou still indiff'rent prove,
Chain'd like a slave to galley;
I'll mourn!—but never cease to love
My pretty, prattling Sally.

TO THE

MEMBERS

OF THE

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

HAIL, chosen band! the instruments of Heav'n:
Ye highly favour'd, hail!—to whom 'tis giv'n
To spread abroad the beams of sacred light,
And thus disperse the shadows of the night—
The long, long night of ignorance and sin,
And bring the splendid day of glory in:
That day, which kings and prophets long'd to see,
And which restores to man his liberty.
O! sound the silver trumpet from afar,
Arm in this "just and necessary war;"
Onward proceed, Jehovah gives the word;
Take for your weapon the sharp two-edg'd sword,
Which wielded in His name, shall force its way,
'Till every conscience owns his righteous sway.
Ye Reverend Prelates, who this phalanx join,
Like suns in distant spheres shall ever shine:
Ye Nobles, too, who in this cause are rang'd,
Shall have your coronets for crowns exchang'd.
Fly to the East, on wings of mercy haste,
And let the Hindoo tribes your bounties taste;

Advance to China, too, and set them free
From the strong chains of gross idolatry :
From East to West, from North to South, extend
Your cares—and tidings of salvation send.
And while dispensing good abroad ye roam,
Forget not to supply the poor at home.
Success attend your labours—and success
Your labours shall attend, for God will bless :
'Tis His own cause—in vain shall Hell oppose ;
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose ;
" And Christ's unsuff'ring kingdom yet shall come,"
Yea, the whole Earth with brighter verdure bloom.

SPRING.

HER richest liv'ry Nature wears,
Spring in glory now appears;
Ev'ry object pleasant yields,
Vocal groves, and flow'ry fields:
All Creation has a voice,
All Creation shall rejoice;
Man! thy voice in concert raise,
Join the universal praise.
O! how sweet the morning walk,
Heighten'd, too, with friendly talk;
Sweet t' enjoy the sylvan scene,
Wand'ring on the banks of Nen:
Where to dwell was once my lot,
On whose margin stood my cot.
Pleasing scenes! remember'd yet,
Scenes remember'd with regret;
Ill exchang'd for smoky town,
Rattling wheels, and haughty frown;
Where about they busy run,
Some undoing, some undone.—
When the toils of day subside,
Let me seek Nen's silver tide;
Through the meadow pathway rove,
Pleasing haunts of peace and love:

NORTHAMPTON Lasses, fair and gay,
Hither with their lovers stray;
Sweeter lasses ne'er were seen,
Tripping o'er the verdant green:
Thames, or Isis, Cam, or Ouse,
Lovelier Lasses can't produce.
O! that they may long retain,
O'er our hearts their gentle reign;
Round their sweetest influence show'r,
Nor consent t' abuse their pow'r:
Then shall strife and discord cease,
And commence the reign of peace.

SUMMER.

TIME is ever on the wing,
Summer now succeeds to Spring;
And the sun, with fervid ray,
Withers fast the new-mown hay:
While the mower, bold and blithe,
Whets and plies his sharpen'd scythe,
And behind his fav'rite lass,
Spreads abroad the falling grass;
Talks of this, and then of that,
Toil to ease with am'rous chat;
'Till with work and heat opprest,
Seeks some shady place to rest.

On her lap his head is laid,
And his toil is well repaid;
Morpheus spreads his silken wings,
Nor would he change his state with Kings.—

Now behold the full-blown rose,
Which in yonder garden grows;
Though its former beauty wanes,
Still its fragrance it retains:
Like some Matron past her prime,
Moving down the stream of time;
Though her youthful days are o'er,
And her beauties charm no more,
Still her converse ever pleases,
Though her prattle never ceases:—
Pardon me if I suppose,
That the Matron is a Rose;
And if I the truth may tell,
Still the Rose shall bear the Bell.

ON A DAY OF THANKSGIVING AFTER A SIGNAL VICTORY.

ON this auspicious day we meet,
To praise th' eternal King;
The ever wise, and good, and great,
From whom all blessings spring.

This day He vanquish'd Britain's foes,
And victory did bestow;
Triumphant from the fight she rose,
And laid their glories low.

Our Father! still shall God be ours,
From age to age the same;
To Him we will devote our powers,
And praise His holy name.

While life and strength His grace imparts,
We'll to his temples throng;
With joyful lips and grateful hearts,
To raise the sacred song.

And since that we are freely brought,
To know His sacred will;
May we with willing minds be taught,
Our duties to fulfil.

And when this mortal life shall cease,
And all our labours o'er;
In the bright realms of joy and peace,
We will His name adore.

SONG ON THE PEACE.

RECITATIVE.

WAR's brazen trumpet through the earth has rung,
And blood and tears have drench'd the earth too long;
At length BELLONA's horrid din is hush'd,
And all the friends of mad ambition crush'd:
The Flute mellifluous breathes a softer strain,
For Peace again resumes her gentle reign.

SONG.

Tune---"*God save the King.*"

Glory to God on high,
Swift let the echo fly
Throughout the land:
He is the God of Peace,
He maketh wars to cease,
The Earth yields her increase,
At his command.

Britannia's sons rejoice,
Come join in heart and voice,
The Isle around:
And since we still are free,
Let love and harmony,
And unanimity,
Ever abound.

Let party rage subside,
Let virtue be our guide,
And warm each breast:
England expects that you,
Each should his duty do,
And remain firm and true—
Then are we bless'd.

Welcome sweet Peace again,
Long may thy gentle reign,
Extend its wing:
Come, then, both old and young,
Rich and poor, weak and strong,
Come join our loyal song,
"God save the King."

To conclude with the first stanza of "God save the King," or the whole song.

SONG,

FOR THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

Tune---"Rule Britannia."

WHEN Europe long had prostrate lain,
Beneath the tyrant's galling chain;
Britannia's sons still brave and free,
Resolv'd t' assert her liberty.

CHORUS.

Rule, Britannia, triumphant o'er the main,
And Peace shall bless the world again.

Remember VINCENT, DUNCAN, HOWE,
Who dealt destruction on the foe;
Immortal NELSON clos'd the scene,
Whose laurels flourish ever green.

Rule, &c.

Remember ABERCROMBIE, MOORE,
Whose death we ever must deplore;
But still we boast one fav'rite Son,
The brave, th' immortal WELLINGTON.

Rule, &c.

Ambition, with gigantic stride,
Spread desolation far and wide;
His prowess brought the tyrant low,
And snatch'd the honours from his brow:
Rule, &c.

But, hark! the British Lion roars;
And see, from Moscow's flaming towers,
The Russian Bears with strength advance,
With Austria's Eagles march to France:
Rule, &c.

At once NAPOLEON's power is crush'd,
At once the din of war is hush'd;
All animosity shall cease,
And all be harmony and peace:
Rule, &c.

Britons, rejoice! adore that pow'r,
Whose aid, far more than fort or tow'r,
Preserv'd us from the vengeful foe,
And safe from danger brought us through:
Rule, &c.

A NEW SONG ON THE PEACE.

You've heard talk of the golden days of our good old Queen Bess, sir,
But sure our days have lately been of iron or of brass, [sir;
But since we've made old Bonaparte his conquests all disgorge, sir,
I hope that we again shall see the golden days of George, [sir:

Oh! the golden days of good King George;
Happy be the memory of old King George.

The people now are celebrating peace throughout the nation,
And rich and poor, and old and young, are mad with [celebration;
Then let us join the jovial throng, and rejoice as much as they, sir,
And rich and poor, and old and young, all equal be [to-day, sir:

Oh! the golden days, &c.

The rich shall serve the poor to-day, nor think themselves above, sir,
The poor too shall respect the rich, and with them live [in love, sir;
Thus each shall strive his place to fill, as much as in him lies, sir,
And though we mean to merry be, we'll merry be and [wise, sir:

Oh! the golden days, &c.

Then pass around the can, my boys, and fill a flowing bumper, [thumper;
And if an enemy should rise, we'll give him such a
At one dead blow we'll lay him low, he rise again shall never, [George for ever:"
Then ev'ry man take glass in hand, and drink, "King

Oh! the golden days, &c.

Then let us merry merry be, for joyful is the day, sir,
Let ev'ry heart, brimful of glee, cast all their care away, sir;
And if there's any who refuse to jovial be and hearty,
To ELBA let them all be sent, and live with BONAPARTE:

Oh! the golden days, &c.

May War, with all its horrid train, be banish'd from the earth, sir, [birth, sir;
And Peace bring Plenty, and to ev'ry useful Art give
May Trade and Commerce soon be put in circulating motion, [the ocean:
And Britain's wooden walls still ride triumphant o'er

Oh! the golden days, &c.

Let party spirit now subside, let's live in love and unity,
And that we're members, be our pride, of England's great community;
In vain shall any foreign foe to conquer us endeavour,
Then here's to good King GEORGE's health, and Old England for ever:

Oh! the golden days, &c,

WATERLOO.

COME! let us take a walk and view,
The new grand Terrace—WATERLOO;
The place where wealthy Dons repair
To breathe the fragrant country air.
No longer in the town immur'd,
But sep'rate from the vulgar herd,
Whose language low, and mean attire,
Their bosoms with contempt inspire.
They here from such contagion free
Enjoy the sweets of liberty;
Partake the cheering sylvan scene,
Of wooded hills, and meadows green;
With river flowing through the dale;
And now the healthful breeze inhale.
And when again appears the Spring,
Delightfully the birds will sing,
To charm the senses with delight;
And ev'ry object will invite.
How envious then must be his lot,
Who dwells in this enchanting spot,
Where skilful art with nature vies,
To form an earthly paradise.
Then let us take a walk, and view
This blissful spot—this Waterloo.

MORTARLOO.

A BURLESQUE ON WATERLOO.

IS this the place we came to view?
Why! I should call it Mortarloo!—
For here is nought but mire and slud;
'Tis barricadoed up with mud.
Th' inhabitants sure need not fear
Th' intrusion of the vulgar here;
For none but madmen would desire,
To wade up to their knees in mire.—
You say, the fragrant air they taste,
But I like not this Eastern blast;
With here one house, and there another,
As though a man should fear his brother.—
And, looking round, you praise the scene,
Of hills, and meads, and stream between.
These meads have such a russet hue,
And muddy river wand'ring through.—
The birds which make this harmony,
Must be the rooks at DELAPRE';
Or else the little nursling crew,
That learning's rugged path pursue:
Who having learnt their A, B, C,
Attain at length their liberty;

And from yon Lancasterian shop,
Their rude, uncover'd, noddles pop;
Their voices through the air resounded,
Displays old Babel worse confounded.—
I do not envy them their lot,
Who dwell in this ungrateful spot;
But once, for all, I bid adieu,
To this bespatter'd—MORTARLOO.

HARVEST HYMN.

GREAT God! whose providential care,
Has all our wants supplied:
Our lips thy praises shall declare;
Our guardian, and our guide.

Thou fountain of eternal good!
Whence every blessing flows;
Constant supplies of health and food,
Thy gracious hand bestows.

Rich harvests crown our fertile fields,
And press our loaded wains;
The earth a full abundance yields,
To recompense our pains.

Yet not to our corporeal wants,
Thy goodness is confin'd;
But, boundless love! thy mercy grants
Food for th' immortal mind.

Thy word yields such a rich repast,
And has such joys in store;
That those who once its sweetness taste,
Hunger and thirst no more.

Inspire our hearts with fervid zeal,
Thy holy name to bless;
And let the gratitude we feel,
Our future lives express.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING

The Rev. Legh Richmond preach Two Sermons

IN AID OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

On Feb. 19th, 1815.

HARK! hark! what dulcet sounds salute the ear!
What heav'nly music, floating through the air,
Conveys a joy to every thrilling nerve,
And warms and animates the Christian's heart!
O! 'tis the Gospel trumpet's sound,
That calls the various nations of the earth
To arm themselves, and rally round the cross:
And thou, my Country! fam'd for arts and arms;
Whose prowess late in suff'ring Europe's cause,
Has broke the bonds of tyranny, and hush'd
The jarring passions of mankind to peace—
Arise! arise! for now a glorious cause
Thy zeal demands; and Afric's injur'd sons
Cry for redress, and gratitude impels.
The bleeding plains of India too invite
Thy aid, where JUGGERNAUT his victims claims,
To celebrate his sanguinary rites.
Still further press to China's fertile land,

Where darkness visible her empire holds,
And superstition binds the mental powers.
O ! bid the islands of the sea rejoice ;
And in the desart plant sweet Sharon's rose.
But, Churchmen ! 'tis on you I chiefly call ;
My Brethren, Fathers, Ministers of Him
Who went about incessant doing good,
And thus by his example animates,
And by his Spirit strengthens you to act.
Rise, then ! nor longer slumber at your posts :
Let others' labour stimulate your zeal,
And hear your venerable Mother plead
Her tender care in watching over you,
And cherishing your faith ;—think too of Him,
Whose last command was, " Teach a ruin'd world
" The knowledge of a Saviour ;" and who promis'd
To aid, support, and still be present with you :
Exert your energies, nor ever cease,
'Till through the gladden'd earth MESSIAH reigns.

ON

HEARING A LADY PLAY ON A PIANO-FORTE.

Tune—"The Lark at Heaven's gate sings.

HARK, hark! 'tis ORME at Heaven's gate sings,
And calls us far away,
From earth-born cares, and meaner things,
With her enchanting lay:
For as along the trembling strings,
Her matchless skill she tries;
She seems t' address us as she sings—
"Come mortals, come, arise, arise, arise."

Hark, hark! 'tis ORME at Heaven's gate sings,
And calls us all to join;
Then each his willing offering brings,
To praise the Love divine:
The sacred strains our souls inspire,
And angels seem to say,
"To join the bright celestial choir,
"Ye mortals haste away, away, away."

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

GREAT God of mercy! hear my prayer,
To my request attend;
Bow down, O Lord, a gracious ear,
And quick deliverance send.

My sins aloud for vengeance call,
(Let mercy intervene;)
Lo! at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Unholy, and unclean.

In deep abasement here I lie,
The vilest of the vile;
My heart, O! do thou purify,
From all deceit and guile.

Thy mercy is a boundless flood,
And this is all my plea;
Let not a Saviour's precious blood,
Be shed in vain for me.

O wash me in that sacred tide,
(O, ever healing stream!)
Which, flowing from his wounded side,
Did sinful man redeem.

" Believe in me," (the Saviour cries,)
" 'Twill heal your ev'ry grief;"
" Lord, I believe," (my heart replies,)
" O help my unbelief."

Send thy good Spirit from on high,
Convince me of my sin;
And then the precious balm apply,
And bring salvation in.

O, never! never let me stray,
My Faith and Hope increase;
And guide my feet into the way
Of Righteousness and Peace.

HYMN FOR THE CHARITY CHILDREN.

Boys — TO the God of our Salvation,
Hymns of praises let us sing;
Girls—We accept the invitation,
And our willing tribute bring:

Duet, pia.—Let the numbers softly flowing,
Breathe like Zephyrs o'er the plain;
Chorus, loud--Strong and loud! with rapture glowing,
Raise a more exalted strain.

Boys — Praise him for our first creation,
For the gift of life and breath;
Girls—Praise him for our preservation
From the paths of sin and death.
Duet and Chorus.

Boys — Praise him for his loving kindness,
Who instruction freely sends;
Girls—And in pity to our blindness,
Rais'd us up a host of friends:
Duet and Chorus.

Boys — Hail! ye gen'rous, kind protectors,
May your efforts never fail;
Girls—Of our youth the wise directors,
Friends of Charity—all hail!
Duet and Chorus.

HYMN FOR A CHILD.

GOD of my life and hope, to thee
  My infant voice I raise;
Adore thy pow'r and majesty,
  And feebly lisp thy praise.

Although conceiv'd and born in sin,
  A child of wrath I lay;
Thy mercy brought redemption in,
  And turn'd my night to day.

Then let thy grace incline my heart,
  To seek my Saviour's face;
And light and strength to me impart,
  To run my heav'nly race.

That when this mortal life shall end,
  And sin and sorrow cease;
I may to those bright realms ascend,
  Where all is joy and peace.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O COME, ye nations, raise a song,
And hail MESSIAH Prince of Peace;
Roll the sweet harmony along,
And let all strife and discord cease.

For angels sing a Saviour's birth,
And from the highest heav'ns descend;
"Hear, hear! O heav'ns! give ear, O earth,"
And to their heav'nly strains attend.

Then "Glory be to God on high,"
For "Peace 'twixt heav'n and earth restor'd;
"Good will to sinful men brought nigh;—
"Again Jehovah is ador'd."

Then let his love your souls inspire,
And warm with holy zeal each breast;
A spark of this celestial fire,
Will charm each anxious care to rest.

'Twill feed the hungry through the land,
Assist the sick, the lame, the blind;
And ev'ry Christian's heart expand
T' embrace as brethren all mankind.

Hail Him! ye nations, bow the knee,
His reign shall through the earth extend;
His shall the pow'r and glory be,
And of his kingdom be no end.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER ATTENDING A MEETING

FOR

THE FORMATION OF A BIBLE ASSOCIATION,

For Northampton and its Vicinity,

JAN. 20, 1818.

" Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord " is risen upon thee." Isaiah ix. Ver. 1.

" AWAKE! Awake! all ye that dwell in dust,"
From sin's delusive slumbers, now awake
To righteousness; for now the glorious light,
The day-spring from on high, illumes the earth,
And dissipates the shadows of the night.
The bright, the morning star refulgent beams,
And ushers in the long predicted day,
When all the nations of the earth shall turn
From sin and vanity, to worship Him
Who first created, and then died to save.

All we like silly sheep have gone astray,
Have wander'd devious from the path of life,
Into the dark waste howling wilderness,
Where death unseen attends on ev'ry step:
Refusing to return, though often warn'd
Of lurking dangers, which our way beset;

The husks preferring which the swine refuse,
To all the dainties of our Father's house.
At length a famine rising in that land,
Alarms our fears, and, coming to ourselves,
We pause—reflecting on our awful state,
And tremble on the brink of deep despair.

How welcome, then, is the good shepherd's voice,
If heard behind us, sweetly calling out—
" How long, ye simple ones, will ye rebel ?
" How long the living seek among the dead ?
" Return unto the fold, and rest in peace ;
" To pastures green and sweet refreshing streams
" I'll lead you ; glad restore your fainting souls,"
And guide you in the paths of righteousness.—
How kind, how condescending is the grace
That brings salvation from a state like this !—
This is the grace contain'd in that bless'd book,
Which we this day have met to recommend,
As the specific, sov'reign antidote,
For all the miseries of all mankind.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. W. JENSON.

AWAY all vain and trifling themes,
In dark oblivion roll along;
Be banish'd hence your idle dreams,
A serious subject claims my song.

Death has again with sudden stroke,
Depriv'd me of another friend;
Th' endear'd connection quickly broke,
And friendship's tie essay'd to rend.

'Till death, his constant truth remain'd,
No false or fickle friend was he;
The flatt'rer's part his soul disdain'd,
Conscious in his integrity.

And when some soul oppress'd with grief,
Repentant groan'd beneath his sin;
His friendly counsel gave relief,
And pour'd the balm of comfort in.

For well he knew that all offend,
And thus compassion could bestow;
That we on Jesus must depend—
Perfection dwells not here below.

But those he saw confirm'd in vice,
Could in his friendship have no share;
The virtuous only and the wise,
Could ever find acceptance there.—

And thou, his widow'd mate, O cast
Thy care on Him who cannot lie;
Another husband still thou hast,
Who'll never leave thee, never die.

But still one sucker from this root,
Rises the other trees among;
Which promises to bear much fruit,
Worthy the stock from which it sprung.

But I, alas! like some old tree,
When all my fellows fell'd around;
To ev'ry storm expos'd you see,
A useless cumb'rer of the ground.

Ere long the Woodman's axe shall strike,
And lay me like my fellows low;
But hope remains for all alike—
We in some happier clime may grow.

There flourish ever green and fair,
Transplanted in a richer soil;
The objects of our Saviour's care,
Rewarding him for all his toil.

THE NEW STATUE.

YOU have heard how that Nebuchadnezzar of old,
At Babylon set up an image of gold;
And all that were passing compell'd were to stop,
To worship the image that he had set up.

But gold being scarce, we must let that alone,
And therefore we set up an image of stone;
And if any are passing we beg them to stop,
And worship the image that we have set up.

Bring hither the cornet, the bagpipe, and flute,
The sackbut, the dulcimer, psaltery, and lute,
The trumpet, the clarions, the fife, and the drum,
Let all kinds of musical instruments come.

Ye nobles, ye gentles, ye commons, and all,
With tag, rag, and bobtail—O come at the call,
Sound the music, then down on your marrow-bones drop,
And worship the image that we have set up.

In a Protestant country it seems very odd,
That Dagon should stand in the temple of God:
To Him pay the homage to Him due alone,
Nor worship, ye Britons, an Idol of stone.

MODERN PATRIOTISM.

SAY, what is Patriotism !—'tis a name,
Assum'd by hypocrites who thirst for fame.
Not fame alone will gratify their wishes,
But they must too possess the loaves and fishes.
Hence, jarring parties in the state arise,
And fill the nation with their patriot cries;
Envying each other all their state and glory;
And hence arose the terms of Whig and Tory.—
When Tories gain th' ascendant, Whigs will rail
And clamour ! till their lungs their office fail.
Zeal for their country's good is their pretence—
You'd think they'd willing die in her defence:
And after saying all that can be said,
Their pens they draw, and floods of Ink are shed;
Which mix'd with gall in venom'd torrents flows,
And poisons all the verdure as it goes.—
Now change the scene, and let the Whigs have place;
Will they their country save from her disgrace ?
Ah ! no, their country never was their care,
But how they may the loaves and fishes share.
We find at last, in all his power and glory,
The railing Whig becomes an arrant Tory:
Whilst Tories disappointed, rage and rail,
And in their turns the envied Whigs assail.—
Then, why, with Whigs and Tories make a rout ?
No matter who is in, or who is out:
Patriots ! to join my Prayer, on you I call—
" From Whigs and Tories Heav'n defend us all."

THE CANDIDATE.

GIVE me the man, who with true patriot zeal,
Pursues with ardour strong his country's weal;
Who unappall'd amidst the courtly tribe,
Stands uncorrupted, and rejects a bribe;
Unmov'd again by popular applause,
No flatt'ring plaudit him from duty draws;
Procures no favour by mean servile ways,
Nor strives by flattery to acquire praise.
He makes no pledge, which he does not redeem,
But by integrity demands esteem.
No undue influence procures your voice,
He is the free election of your choice;
Your Purses and your Liberties to guard,
Your approbation only his reward:—
Of such men may our Parliament be full,
And then prosperity to—Old JOHN BULL.

ON

GOSSIPING AT A PLACE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

YE Church-going gossipers, who vainly prate,
And in that place your idle tales relate;
Drive from your thoughts all worldly cares away,
And learn to meditate, and praise, and pray.
Then shall the gentle dews of Heaven descend,
And blessings on your waiting souls attend:
And if this verse your wand'ring thoughts restrain,
I shall not write, nor will you read, in vain.

ON J. H. THURSBY, ESQ.'s RETURN,

WITH HIS FAMILY,

To Abington, after Seven Years' Absence.

THURSBY! long-lost, rever'd, belov'd,
By all the neighb'ring country round:
The sweets of bliss domestic prov'd;
With ev'ry earthly comfort crown'd.

Was there a heart oppress'd with grief,
That sought his hospitable door;
Here misery obtain'd relief,
And here, a refuge for the poor.

His faithful Sylvia, too, her share
Contributed to make him blest;
T' alleviate ev'ry anxious care
That ere assail'd his gentle breast.

Pity! that such a tranquil scene
Should ever interrupted be;
Pity! that sickness should have been
The cause of infelicity.

Mysterious are the ways of heav'n,
And wise and just are His decrees;
To erring man it is not given,
To scan His hidden mysteries.

Alas! attack'd by dire disease,
The lovely Sylvia hung her head:
Nor could the healing art give ease,
Hygeia, with her train, were fled.

She still the fugitive pursued,
Far from the plains of Abington;
Pursued in vain the valued good,
And hope seem'd almost ever gone.

At length the parting clouds between,
A ray of hope in sight appears;
And ushers in a brighter scene,
To dissipate our gloomy fears.

O, Abington! no longer mourn
Your lawns, and groves, forsaken long;
Welcome your patron's glad return,
And join the rustic dance and song.

Long may they live rever'd and blest,
A num'rous offspring smiling round;
By all the virtuous still caress'd,
With ev'ry earthly blessing crown'd.

And when life's voyage shall be o'er,
And they in peace have anchor cast,
May they land on that blissful shore,
Safe shelter'd from each stormy blast.

SONG.—ON THE SAME.

YE lads, and ye lasses, of Abington, come,
And welcome the 'Squire, and his family home;
Come cease from your cares and your labours awhile,
And in potions of ale all your sorrows beguile.

Assemble together ye old, and ye young;
The young trip it away, the old hobble along:
Rejoice and be merry, my girls, and my boys,
But remember the maxim—be merry and wise.

In innocent sports pass the bright hours away,
Then retire to rest at the close of the day;
In the morning arise, by sweet slumbers refresh'd,
And your duties pursue, with contentment possess'd.

Then let's drink a health to our worthy good 'Squire,
Who with grateful affection our hearts must inspire;
May his family flourish, in health and in peace,
And their honour from ages to ages increase.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING

A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN,

Who was Drowned while Bathing, 1818.

"Prepare to meet thy God." Amos iv. Ver. 12.

PREPARE! prepare, to meet thy God,
The warning Prophet cries;
Attend unto the chast'ning rod,
Descending from the skies.

With solemn pause—behold the hand
Of Providence display'd;
Repent—return—at His command,
Nor be the work delay'd.

The voice speaks loud to ev'ry heart,
Th' important time is now;
When to Death's unrelenting dart,
Our youth are call'd to bow.

Cut down like some sweet blooming flow'r,
That's cropt in all its prime;
And transient as the fleeting hour,
That now divides our time.

In humble resignation wait
The great decisive day;
When th' myst'ries of our mortal state,
Will all be clear'd away.

Let faith, and hope, and love divine,
Our fainting souls restore;
To God our peaceful souls resign,
Submit—obey—adore.

EPITAPH,

YE thoughtless erring mortals,
Attend to what I say,
And seriously remember,
Your solemn dying day:
Come take a friend's advice,
And use your best endeavour,
To live well while you are here,
That you may live for ever.

HARVEST HYMN, 1818.

TO thee, great God of heav'n and earth,
We raise a sacred song:
To sing thy praise who gave us birth,
Assist our feeble tongue.

Thy bounty clothes each smiling field,
Fulfilling our desires;
And we the willing tribute yield,
That gratitude inspires.

Continue, Lord, thy wonted aid,
Till we the crop secure;
Our fields' increase shall then be made
A blessing to the poor.

With grateful thanks to thee, O God,
Our hearts shall overflow,
For all thy gracious hand bestow'd,
Or ever shall bestow.

And when our heart and flesh shall fail,
And this short conflict's o'er;
May we in Heav'n thy presence hail,
And praise thee evermore.

TO ALICE MERRY,

ON HER FIRST BIRTH DAY.

ALICIA ! I my offering bring,
Joyful thy first birth-day sing ;
Beg that Heav'n in love may shed
Blessings on thy infant head.
As thy faculties expand,
May'st thou quickly understand,
Who it was that made and fed thee,
And through num'rous dangers led thee :
Who redeem'd thee, and who still
Does thy cup with pleasure fill ;
(Though 'tis often mix'd with gall,
Sad effect of Adam's fall ;)
Who preserves thee from each ill,
And attends upon thee still.
May'st thou learn to lisp his praise,
Love, and serve him, all thy days ;
Ever may his grace direct thee,
And his power still protect thee
May no evil mark thy way,
Nor the tempter, man, betray.
When life's fleeting sand is run,
And the thread of life is spun,
May thy happy spirit rise,
And bloom a flow'r in Paradise.

NORTHAMPTON ROSES VERSUS ADDERBURY.

THOUGH ADDERBURY's Rose shall shine,
And flourish in the Poet's line;
Yet many a flow'r as sweet and fair,
Adorns NORTHAMPTON's gay parterre.

Here Roses smile both white and red,
Around their fragrant odours shed;
While all, and each, their charms unite,
To fill the senses with delight.

Then how shall I select a flower,
From hence to deck my humble bower;
Where such a rich profusion lies,
The scent to please, and charm the eyes.

Yes, yonder flow'r the prize must be,
That bears its head so modestly;
That Rose I'll to my bower bear,
And plant, and water it with care.

And when by time its beauties fade,
And all its charms in dust are laid;
Past joys a pleasure still shall give,
And in my mem'ry ever live.

But let no cynic hence suppose,
I envy ADDERBURY's Rose;
No, let it bloom—I only claim,
For ours an equal meed of fame.

THE RIVAL ROSES.

STILL ADDERBURY's Rose shall shine,
Unenvied in the Poet's line;
But for intrinsic worth alone,
NORTHAMPTON yields the palm to none.

If mis'ry is the poor man's lot,
The angel, Mercy, seeks his cot;
And while the heart with pity bleeds,
The naked clothes, the hungry feeds.

The dark desponding mind to calm,
The Bible pours its healing balm;
And ev'ry species of distress,
No sooner known, than render'd less.

Then, let us not forget that pow'r,
Who first endued each beauteous flow'r,
With all its various charms, to fill
The breast with admiration still.

But, ah! these flow'rs must all decay,
Their beauties all must fade away;
And if you pluck the fairest Rose,
Some latent thorn it will disclose.

But Hope affords a glimm'ring ray,
Which Faith illumes to perfect day;
That from these roots new stems shall rise,
And bloom again in Paradise.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

"I am the Rose of Sharon."

THERE is a flow'r, as yet unsung;
And mortal pen, nor angel tongue,
Could ever adequately praise
The charms which Sharon's Rose displays.

Then why do you (perhaps you ask)
Presume to undertake the task?
Because, should I my aid deny,
The very stones for shame would cry.

It flourish'd once the queen of flowers,
In Eden's amaranthine bowers;
Again Judea's plains adorn'd,
Till rooted up, despis'd, and scorn'd.

Now, (borne by angel bands on high,)
It blooms in realms above the sky;
Where with perennial verdure crown'd,
It scatters fragrance all around.

On earth it left a sweet perfume,
And to it all the nations come;
Appears with healing in its wings,
And unexhausted pleasure brings.

Then, let us seek that blissful scene,
Where peace, and joy, for ever reign;
Nor treat with rude contempt and scorn,
That lovely Rose without a Thorn.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH

OF MR. WILLIAM CHOWN, SCHOOLMASTER,

Of Moulton, Northamptonshire.

AGAIN unto the will of Heav'n I bend,
For CHOWN is gone, my first, my earliest friend;
Whose social converse oft my heart has warm'd,
And many a dull and gloomy hour has charm'd.
When oft our evening rural walk we took,
Along the path, or by the bubbling brook,
Viewing the cultivated scene around,
(Where industry is with Heav'n's blessing crown'd,)
Our thoughts were led to that Almighty pow'r,
Who perfects every herb, and fruit, and flow'r;
And when this pleasing intercourse denied,
His well-selected books that loss supplied.
YOUNG, MILTON, HERVEY, THOMPSON's friendly aid,
Of principles a sound foundation laid;
While ADDISON, and STEELE, and JOHNSON too,
Brought forth the superstructure to the view;
And num'rous Authors, though of humbler name,
Have yet obtain'd a just decree of fame.
These are advantages, I freely own,
That, but for CHOWN, I never should have known;

For which, my gratitude I now express,
In marks of true esteem, and thankfulness.—
VANN, INGMAN, JENSON, CHOWN, all now are gone,
And I am left forsaken, and alone:
Like some old tree that stands upon the heath,
Whose sapless trunk proclaims th' approach of death.
Religion yet a humble hope supplies,
That from these roots, new stems again shall rise;
And in some milder, happier clime be found,
And flourish, with perpetual verdure crown'd.

EPITAPH.

ON THE SAME.

HIS province was, to teach unguarded youth,
And guide their footsteps in the path of truth;
This pleasing task he executed well,
As numbers from experience can tell:
From Christian principles his precepts drew,
His virtues many, and his frailties few;
He now enjoys the presence of his Lord,
Whose approbation is his rich reward.

ON CHRISTMAS.

NOW Christians again celebrate the glad season,
That brought the good news of Salvation to man;
Attend to the voice of Religion and Reason,
And with rapture contemplate the wonderful plan.

'Twas not merit in man that induc'd the blest Jesus
To leave his bright seat in the mansions above:
He came from the bondage of sin to release us,
And our hearts to inspire with a similar love.

This boon he bestows upon all who receive him,
His doctrines believe, and his precepts obey;
No trial can ever induce them to leave him,
Who bow to his yoke, and submit to his sway.

Ye rich, on whom he has bestow'd such abundance,
Most freely your hearts and your coffers unlock;
And from the rich stores of your endless redundance,
Distribute relief to the poor of the flock:

For round the dull cottage the bleak wind is blowing,
And "Winter puts on a most terrible frown;"
And scarce on the hearth is an ember seen glowing,
Then haste with your bounty their comfort to crown:

For if your hearts burn with true love to your neighbours,
And your hands they are ready their wants to relieve;
His promise will recompense all your kind labours;
You'll find it "more blessed to give than receive."

ON THE SAME.

THE annual season of Christmas returns,
And the heart of each Christian with gratitude burns;
And if he is bless'd with a plentiful store,
He wants but a hint to "remember the poor."

The transcendant love which his Saviour display'd,
When he came to redeem those who from him had stray'd;
That love which constrains him to wander no more,
Will constrain him likewise to "remember the poor."

The sons and the daughters of poverty plead,
For a share of your plenty, to help them in need;
O, turn them not empty away from your door,
But in mercy and kindness "remember the poor."

Ye affluent, whose tables with plenty are crown'd,
And where a profusion of lux'ries abound;
If you would the blessing of Heav'n ensure,
With compassionate hearts, then, "remember the poor."

Hark! how the wind whistles our dwellings around,
And the snow, like a mantle, envelopes the ground;
Though willing, how difficult, work to procure,
Now, now, is the time to "remember the poor."

Let benevolence give to our hearts such a glow,
As none but the wise and benevolent know;
And if you a blessing would wish to procure,
Expand then your hearts, and "remember the poor."

THE END OF ALL THINGS IS AT HAND.

AGAIN the yearly list I bring,
Again produce the annual lay;
The conquests of Death's tyrant King,
Before your view once more display.

Again I raise the warning voice,
Which has too oft been rais'd in vain;
Consider well, and make your choice,
And pay attention to my strain.

Perhaps some friend or neighbour kind,
Who last year was as hale as you;
In the dark grave now lies confin'd,
A putrid mass conceal'd from view.

If you Religion's ways should choose,
Which lead to Happiness and Peace;
And Sin's delusive snares refuse,
And from its bonds obtain release:

If Penitence prepare the way,
And Faith and Exercise appear;
If Holiness your lives display,
And prove your Faith and Hope sincere:

Death will in vain its terrors bring:—
For you may then exulting cry,
O, Death! where is thy dreaded sting,
And where, O Grave! thy victory.

TO MARY MERRY, OF WICKHAM,

On Her Birth Day, 1820.

DEAR Mary, I will not refuse
The tribute of my humble Muse,
But in compliance with your wish,
I now cook up my Christmas dish ;
And should it not your palate suit,
'Tis your own fault without dispute.—
Since then it is your own free choice,
Come, listen to my grave advice :
Though grave indeed, and free from folly,
It need not make you melancholy ;
For Wisdom's paths are paths of peace,
And all her ways are pleasantness.
On this important day will you,
Then take a retrospective view
Of all your ways, and words, and thoughts,
And strive to recollect your faults ;
That finding where some errors lie,
You may hereafter rectify ;
And tracing them up to their source,
You may arrest them in their course :
For evil habits will at length,
By being indulg'd in, gather strength.
Beneath a Mother's fostering care,
You've been preserv'd from many a snare ;
Which now I fear you'll often meet,
T' entangle your unwary feet :

Though in your present situation,
You're not expos'd to much temptation ;
And have encouragement most ample,
To profit by a good example.
But still for grace you oft must pray,
To keep you in the narrow way ;
And not yourself too much expose,
To outward or to inward foes :
Whose powers too often are combin'd,
To help corrupt the human mind,
With all the blandishments of vice :—
Thus much for caution—now advice.
From duty's path you ne'er must swerve ;
Obedient be to those you serve :
With diligence, and care, and skill,
All your engagements must fulfil.
Beware ! and no tale-bearer be,
From family to family ;
For shame will be the lot of those,
Who family secrets do disclose :
Keep truth for ever in your view,
Cautious in all you say or do ;
Then shall you gain esteem and love,
Within the circle where you move.
Be always modest, neat, and clean,
Of cheerful and engaging mien ;
Be courteous, civil, kind to all,
'Mong whom your province is to fall.

Beware of vanity and dress,
As unbecoming godliness;
For the Apostle's word denounces,
'Gainst laces, furbelows, and flounces;
Nor would approve, depend upon it,
Of a prodigious long-pok'd bonnet:—
But he, like me, I shrewdly guess,
Was not a judge of female dress.—
And now I must this task decline,
For I have got beyond my line;
And if you think me too severe,
The fault's you own, the case is clear.
I still profess your friend to be,
In truth and in sincerity:
Be honest, faithful, and sincere,
And keep a conscience bright and clear.

TO LADY ELIZA COMPTON.

LET not a cloud o'ercast thy lovely face,
Defeat, with honour, never is disgrace;
And though thy Brother's merits all confess,
The best of mortals can't command success:
But, O NORTHAMPTON! venal, vicious place,
Thine is the loss, and thine the sole disgrace.

ON THE AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY, 1818.

IN seventeen hundred fifty-six,
I drew my life's first breath;
In eighteen hundred and eighteen,
I'm still secur'd from death.

Full three-score fleeting years I've seen,
And still preserv'd I stand;
From num'rous dangers guarded been,
By God's Almighty hand.

In infancy, and giddy youth,
His care was kindly shewn;
Ere I was taught the words of truth,
Or his great name was known.

And when at manhood I arriv'd,
His mercy still pursued;
From whence I ev'ry help deriv'd,
And was with strength endued.

His grace first taught my wand'ring feet
The way to Sion's hill;
Where oft his holy saints I meet,
And learn his sacred will.

But what returns, alas! I've made,
For such unbounded love;—
By my too treach'rous heart betray'd,
Against his Spirit strove.

Pardon, O Lord, my num'rous faults,
For Jesu's sake forgive
My wicked works, and words, and thoughts,
And let the rebel live.

"Evil and few!" have been my days,
A motley, chequer'd scene;
But may, by Faith's enlivening rays,
The future be serene.

And when the solemn hour shall come,
That calls me hence away;
May Hope irradiate the gloom,
And blaze an endless day.

SONG FOR THE CORONATION, 1821.

Tune---"*Scots wha ha' wie Wallace bled.*"

BRITONS now rejoice and sing,
Instruments of music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string,
Joy and mirth abound;
Drive each anxious care away,
Hail the happy, happy day,
Bless great GEORGE's gentle sway,
England's King he's crown'd.

Britons with decisive stroke,
Stern Napoleon's power broke,
And destroy'd his iron yoke,
By British bravery!
Europe long had struggling lain,
Underneath the galling chain,
'Till Britannia's sons again,
Them freed from slavery.

Britons now united be,
All with hearts and hands agree,
To preserve our liberty,
King and laws to save:
Who would e'er disloyal prove,
Not his King and Country love,
But in faction's circle move,
He shall die a slave.

FINIS.

Printed By C. B. Merry,
Bedford.

MOULTON SCHOOL BOARD.

Sir,—The election is near at hand, and a few remarks for the consideration of fellow-ratepayers may not be out of place. By observation and by careful enquiries I have come to the conclusion that the present majority have made a complete failure during their term of office. Their policy, if it can be dignified by such a term, appears to have been "meddle and muddle." Have the ratepayers been relieved in any way? Not at all. On the contrary they complain of the way in which the School Board rate is "called." The Board ought to try to make their calls upon the ratepayers as *equal* as possible. A 1½d. rate once a year would not be heavily felt. But the clever financiers on the Board study their constituencies so much that the rates are as *irregular* and as *inconvenient* as possible. They seem to have no system at all, and the heaviest rates are always made in the worst part of the year. In addition to this the Board are so "muddled" in their accounts that a large amount of the Government grant was lost this year, nearly £20 I understand. And yet these are the men who pose as "ratepayers' friends," and as "economists." Besides the ratepayers feeling dissatisfied, many parents strongly complain of the action of the Board in regard to teachers. Some time ago I had occasion to go into the school to complain to the master of one of the teachers. I found this "teacher" to be a boy of about eleven years of age. *The School Board had actually appointed this child to teach the other children.* I expressed the opinion that before he could teach others he ought to receive some teaching himself. He might do very well to help an older teacher, but to expect him to control other children is as preposterous and as silly as the act of appointing him. And I understand there is a majority of these juvenile "teachers." Now this is a strong point amongst us parents. We are compelled to send our children to school, but we want proper teachers to see to them when they are there, and as the present majority on the Board will not appoint such we must elect members who will. We pay rates for the purpose and we demand a good article for the price. The £20 lost by the Board would have helped to pay a proper and efficient teacher, but I suppose the members are too "muddled" to see that. We must put members on the Board who will do their duty as *men* not *meddlers* and *muddlers*.

A PARENT.

MOULTON SCHOOL BOARD.

Sir,—I beg to ask the writer of the letter signed "A Parent" to explain in what the Board have meddled wrongly, and what they have muddled. Has the Board meddled with his pecuniary interests, or what? With regard to the £20 said to be "lost," I defy "A Parent" to prove it would have been possible to save the £20 other than by a much larger expenditure of the ratepayers' money. "A Parent" is further at sea when he says the Board have not economised, for during the last few months the Board have reduced the master's salary about £24 per annum, the mistress's about £13 per annum, and by the employment of monitors in lieu of an assistant master and an assistant mistress effected a saving of £50 per annum. They have also cut down the expenses for books and stationery by at least £15 per annum, showing a total saving to the ratepayers of £102 per annum. The Board have also effected minor savings in other departments.

TRUTH.

MOULTON SCHOOL BOARD.

Sir,—I beg to ask the writer of the letter signed "A Parent" to explain in what the Board have meddled wrongly, and what they have muddled. Has the Board meddled with his pecuniary interests, or what? With regard to the £20 said to be "lost," I defy "A Parent" to prove it would have been possible to save the £20 other than by a much larger expenditure of the ratepayers' money. "A Parent" is further at sea when he says the Board have not economized, for, during the last few months, the Board have reduced the master's salary about £24 per annum, the mistress's about £13, and, by the employment of monitors in lieu of an assistant master and an assistant mistress, effected a saving of £50 per annum. They have also cut down the expenses for books and stationery by at least £15 per annum, showing a total saving of £102 per annum. The Board have also effected minor savings in other departments.

TRUTH.

KISSING GAMES AND SUGARED KISSES.—"Kontry Lad," writing from Moulton, refers to this subject. The "harmy" games he doesn't think much of, and thinks they do no good to the young women who have gone for "sodgers" in the Army. Many of them had come to grief, though he did not know if this had come out of kissing games. The Army would do very well for lads who did not care about their reputation much, but young women, he thinks, should keep out of it. He should not fret at being called unpopular for objecting to kissing games. What good did anyone ever get out of kissing he asks. On the contrary, a great deal of harm had come of it. "Sugared" kisses may have all the sugar sucked off them, and then there was nothing but "pison" left, "the very sort as kills a feller." "Kontry Lad" has had them so often that he is now able to "spot" them. Even the kisses of a sweetheart turn to poison (he says) after the sugar is off them. The prevalence of kisses is due to the fact that "they are so sweet when yer fust gets em that a feller carnt help axing fer them." He has kept his eyes open in town and saw room, according to his opinion, for a few alterations. "Big young mens" should not be allowed "to drag little yong oomans by the harm through the streets." "Next thing," he thinks, "it aint rite for three or four young oomen ter wark along the fut road in a row all joined together wid their harms" for the purpose of attracting young men's attention and inviting a collision. Neither should the young women imitate the men in respect to the "cuttin of their air all short of ther eds." He ventures to say that unless a change comes in another 40 years the "childers in the town wull ardly no thur mother from thur dad." He "wull be a comin into the toun agin in the sumer if us is not all frez to death an snawed up afore then," and he will mention "other things as aint rite" if he is allowed.

MOULTON ALLOTMENTS.

Sir,—My name having been mentioned in your report of the meeting in connection with the above and also that £9 per acre is charged in some instances, allow me to add that no land sub-let by me is charged for at such a ridiculously high figure. The rent charged by me ranges from 5½d. to 7½d per pole according to how the ground is circumstanced, and the average for the whole is barely 6¾d per pole. There is not 19 or 20 acres. The exact measurement is 18a 1r. 23p. Of this there are 1¼ acres of roads, hedges, ditches, and waste. This 1¼ acres are included in my measurement (and for which I have to pay) but this is excluded in that measured out to the sub-tenants, so that I draw rent (when I get it all) for a few poles over 17 acres. These are facts not assertions. Mr. Mallard's talk about "extortion," "brow sweating," "treating with contempt," "eaten alive," &c., are too laughable to need comment. I wish Mr. Mallard would take his wonderful pen in hand and write to you, sir, with his name attached, and then we will soon see who is right and who is wrong.—Yours truly, G. HERBERT.

WE'S MOULTON LAND DEPRETATION.

master Heritor of the northampton herrald, we's had a meetin of us workin men, and we's got a depretation to wate on master Lord warntage about us land, but we was to ave a cow along we the land an aint the depretation a goin for to speak for hit same time. i think their oughter, or else hit'll be hay time afore we gets hit, and us carnt grow taturs on hall the land and heat em hall we selves. we's just a goin to make the depity and pety landlords sit up, if they's a goin to send hus land an cows on picturs fur valentines we's a goin to let em see we's goin to 'ave em not on picturs. i ope yer will ave room on yer paper for this so as us depretation ull see it afore they goes about the land.

yarn ever, jabez hodge.

[Lord Wantage, we doubt not, will do what becomes him as a good-hearted Conservative Landlord, but it must be remembered that his Lordship does not belong to the delusive three-acres-and-a-cow party.—ED. *N.D.C.*]

The centenary of Carey Chapel, Moulton, which was celebrated on Thursday, possesses more than a local interest At the time Carey founded the Baptist Chapel at Moulton no one dreamt that his subsequent labours would receive a national importance and character. Leaving Moulton after four and a quarter years' successful ministry, he became "the evangelist of India," where his self-denying, devoted work in the cause of the Christianity he loved so well, sowed the seeds which have proved so abundantly fruitful. Carey's local associations are the source of pardonable pride, and his memory is perhaps nowhere held in such reverential respect as in this district. The centenary services at Moulton on Thursday were a fitting commemoration of Carey's action in founding the chapel in 1786, and the account of the proceedings will probably be read with wide-spread interest.

MOULTON PARK AND MOULTON.

Sir,—In your last issue of the *Mercury* I noticed a report of the proceedings of the Board of Guardians on Thursday week. Referring to the case, I wish to state that Moulton lost the day by the casting vote of the chairman. Mr. H. O. Nethercote, Moulton Grange, abstained from voting, and thereby caused Moulton to lose the case by the chairman's casting vote. I deeply regret that Mr. Nethercote could not bring his mind in unision with the ratepayers of Moulton; he had a grand opportunity of doing Moulton a good turn, but, unfortunately for us, allowed his chance to pass by. The amalgamation was opposed by every clergyman there, and I have been informed that several of them are also trustees of St. Andrew's Hospital. If it is really so, morally their votes count for nothing, and may be left to be weighed by the President of the Local Government Board, who, I am sure, will appraise them at their proper value. Meanwhile I shall call a public meeting for next Thursday. I hope every one interested in the matter will attend and support me in my endeavours to do right in spite of might.

JOHN FRANCES, overseer of Moulton.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL
MAR 17 1984

35m-8,'71(P6347s4)-C-120

3 1158 00920 7951

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 370 623 1